

1607/1614
A
COLLECTION
OF
P S A L M S
AND
H Y M N S,

Extracted from

Various A U T H O R S,

For the Use of the

C H I L D R E N O F G O D.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

B Y T H E R E V. M R. T H W A I T E

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing to God, and making Melody in your Hearts. E P H. v. 19.

Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth Peace, good will towards Men. L U K E ii. 14.

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LXXVIII.



P R E F A C E.

“ SING ye praises with the understanding, “ Pf. xlvii. 7. but as there are in many books hard words and abstruse phrases, these are chiefly avoided, and made more suitable to the capacities of all.

Again, It must be allowed there are matters of private judgment and opinion, concerning which it is better to think and let think, than dispute; these should not appear in any book designed only for social worship: Neither can any plan, either for this or any part of divine worship, be right, that is not laid upon the right foundation; for all the praise that shall ascend to our God now and for ever, must be offered through Jesus Christ the righteous.

I have herein endeavoured to select
such hymns as may be most useful for
a edification.

edification to every capacity, in plainness and simplicity. My principal aim in publishing this Collection of Hymns was to collect into one volume all the hymns for the feast and fast, for the sacrament of the Lord's-supper, and those for funerals, as well as those for public worship in general, that the people might not be at a loss, but have in their books whatever may be sung on any particular occasion.

In these hymns there is nothing ascribed to works, either before or after justification; but the whole of our salvation is ascribed to the blood, death, and merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, by God imputed to us when we believe, and through the eternal Spirit implanted in our hearts; the blessed effect of which is peace and righteousness in our lives; the further effect of the operation of the Spirit is, it sanctifies our nature wholly in body, soul and spirit, and thereby makes us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

The

P R E F A C E.

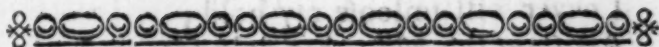
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The mere formalist, whether Churchman or Dissenter, what profession soever he may make, will not have much taste for these songs of Sion, for they mention :

No outward form can keep us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

As due care is taken to make these hymns as scriptural as possible, so, Reader, thou wilt, by God's grace, find the power and comfort of religion in thy own soul; that Jesus the great high-priest and apostle of our profession is the great subject of every song, as he doubtless is of the whole revelation of God; he is "the way, the truth, and the life; none can come to the Father but by him," John xiv. 6. "Christ is all in all," Gal. iii. 11. "He is the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end," Rev. i. 8. and ch. xxi. 6. He therefore is the unity of the eternal Godhead, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit.

Three divine Persons in one self-existent Jehovah, is the God of the Christians. To this glorious Lord God of heaven and earth, may we be enabled to sing his praises with the Spirit, and with the understanding. Oh may these maintain a happy concord with the word and will of Jesus Christ, until we meet before the throne of God and the Lamb, and, with an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect, shew forth the never-ending praises of him that was dead and is alive again, and hath redeemed us unto God by his blood. So be it, Lord Jesus, Amen and Amen.



A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare:
Thyself hath call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold ;
 Art thou the Man that dy'd for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold ;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
 To know it now resolv'd I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
 Tho' ev'ry finew were unstrung,
 Out of my arms thou should'st not fly :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long,
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong :
 And when my all of strength doth fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand ;
 I stand, and will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

II.

*I am determin'd not to know any thing among you
save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe
The all-atoning victim dy'd.
Only Jesus, &c.

3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore:
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hand, his side.
Only Jesus, &c.

4 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart

From the heaven of thy breast
 Shall never more depart ;
 Whither shall a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide.
 Only Jesus, &c.

5 What tho' all I am is sin,
 Sin cannot break my peace ;
 Here is blood to wash me clean
 From all unrighteousness ;
 This shall make me white as snow,
 On this for all things I confide.
 Only Jesus, &c.

6 What tho' earth and hell engage
 To shake my soul with fear,
 Calmly I defy the rage
 Of persecution near ;
 Suff'ring faith shall brighter glow,
 As gold when in the furnace try'd.
 Only Jesus, &c.

7 Him to know is life, and peace,
 And pleasure without end.
 This is all my happiness
 On Jesus to depend,
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide.
 On Jesus, &c.

8 Him in all my works I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree ;
 Only of his love I speak,
 Who freely dy'd for me :

While I sojourn here below,
Of nothing will I think beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

III.

Come unto me—learn of me. Matt. xi.

- 1 **L**Ovely Lamb, I come to thee,
Thou hast oft invited me;
Surely now I would be blest,
Give me now the promis'd rest.
- 2 All my bus'ness and concern
Is of thee, my Lamb, to learn;
Shew me thy first lesson, shew,
Now, alas! I nothing know.
- 3 Gentle thou and meek in heart,
All humility thou art:
Full of wrath and pride I am,
How unlike my lovely Lamb!
- 4 But thou canst my soul transform,
Humble an aspiring Worm;
My unbroken spirit break,
Make the angry leopard meek.
- 5 Thou art greater than my heart,
Thou canst make me as thou art;
Sink the proud, and tame the wild,
Change me to a little child.

- 6 Turn me, Lord, and turn me now,
To thy yoke my spirit bow;
Grant me now the pearl to find
Of a meek and quiet mind.
- 7 Calm, O calm my troubled breast,
Let me gain that second rest;
From my works for ever cease,
Perfected in holiness.
- 8 Soon or later then remove,
Take me to thy rest above;
All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live and die.

IV.

The same.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast;
See! I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind.
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.

4. Dust

- 4 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,
All our souls do thirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our hearts dissolve in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable is thine!
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n!

V.

Redemption found.

NOW I have found the ground
wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounded Jesus for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;

Whose

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderneſs,
Thy arms of love ſtill open are,
Returning ſinners to receive,
'That mercy they may taſte, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomleſs abyſs !
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee,
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
Thy Holy Spirit makes me free ;
While Jeſu's blood thro' earth and ſkies
Mercy, free, boundleſs mercy cries !
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this ſea ;
Here is my joy, my hope, my reſt !
Hither, when hell aſſails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breaſt ;
Away, ſad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends are
gone,
Tho' joys are withered all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
Stedfaſt on this my foul relies :
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and fleſh decay,

This

This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

VI.

The same.

1 **T**HE kingdom of our Christ is come,
 His pow'r and strength is known,
 Th' accuser hears his righteous doom,
 Our Saviour casts him down.

2 The war is over, Jesus reigns,
 Let heav'n their Lord adore ;
 The serpent groans in heavy chains,
 Cast down to rise no more.

3 Rejoice, ye brethren, sons of God !
 Salvation now is come,
 The merit of Immanuel's blood
 Strikes the accuser dumb.

4 Exalt his everlasting name,
 And worthy blessings pay,
 Aloud in all the earth proclaim,
 He takes our sins away !

5 In his redemption there is room
 For you, ye sons of men ;
 Believe in Christ, and overcome,
 And with your Saviour reign.

V. And

VII.

And they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on earth, Heb. xi. 23.

1 **C**OME all, who-e'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet
And praise our common Lord :
In Jesus let us still walk on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still
We to our country come ;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 As ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode,
With songs of praise, return ;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
We ev'ry moment feel,
Redeem'd from sin, and wrath,
And death, and earth, and hell ;
We to our Father's house repair
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
 Our all in all is he;
 And in his steps who tread
 They soon his face shall see,
 Shall see him with their glorious friends,
 And then in heav'n their journey ends.

VIII.

The same.

COME let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 With vigour arise,
 And press to our glorious place in the skies:
 Of heav'nly birth,
 Tho' wand'ring on earth,
 This is not our place,
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we
 confess.
 At Jesus's call
 We give up our all,
 And still we forego,
 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below:
 No longing we find
 For the country behind,
 But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above.
 A country of joy,
 Without any alloy;
 We thither repair,
 Our heart and our treasure already are there.
 We

We march hand in hand
T' Immanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay,
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

IX.

Believing.

1 **M**Y God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine !
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
mine !
In the heav'nly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
My heart it doth dance at the sound of thy
name.

2 True pleasures abound
In th' rapturous sound,
And whoever has known it has paradise
found.

My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste
To th' heavenly feast,
That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste:
And this I shall prove
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heaven of Jesus's love.

X.

The same.

1 **O** Jesus, my Rest!
How unspeakably blest
Is th' sinner that comes to be hid in thy breast!
I come at thy call;
At thy feet do I fall,
And b'lieve and confess thee, my God and
my All!

2 Thou'rt Mary's good Part,
The Thing Needful thou art,
Th' desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart:
My comfort and stay,
My life and my way,
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.

3 Health, pardon, and peace,
In thee I possess,
I can have nothing more, I'd have nothing
less.

B

I stand

I stand in thy might,
 I walk in thy light,
 And all heav'n I claim in thy God-giving
 right.

XI.

On the Day of Judgment.

- 1 **Y**E virgin-souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take,
 Upstarting at the midnight-cry,
 Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh !
- 2 He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are ;
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord :
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend !
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints, ascend ;
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see without a veil his face.
- 4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit liv'd
 Obedient to his love ;

Jesus shall claim you for his bride,
Rejoice with all the sanctify'd.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When all shall be caught up
And stand before his throne,
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive
Above those angel-pow'rs,
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our glorious Lord appear ;
Watching let us be found,
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

XII.

And a man shall be as an hiding-place. Isa. 32. 2.

1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly :
Be my refuge and my rest,
For oh ! the storm is nigh :

Jesus

B 2

Save

Save me from the furions blast,
A covert from the tempest be ;
Hide me, Jesu, till o'erpass
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome, as a water-spring
To a dry barren place ;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace :
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun ;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
And bring thy Father's anger down ;
Screen me, Jesu, from the heat
And terror of his frown.

4 Let thy merit as a cloud,
Still interpose between,
Plead th' atonement of thy blood,
Till I am cleans'd from sin :
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe ;
Ev'ry moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

XIII.

Make me a clean heart, O God: Psalm li. 10.

- 1 **O** For an heart to praise my God,
An heart from sin set free,
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me !
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesu, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 5 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden reposest
From self and sin I cease.
- 6 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

- 7 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of love.

XIV.

*I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with
 the understanding also. 1 Cor. xiv. 25.*

- 1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
 And sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood aton'd for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive,
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 Desiring souls believe.

- 6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace.

XV.

The same.

- 1 **R**ejoice evermore,
With angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r,
In Jesus's love :
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God and the Lamb !

- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from grief,
Hast sav'd us from sin :
The pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath set our hearts free ;
And now we inherit
All fulness in thee.

- 3 All fulness of peace,
All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss,
That never shall cloy,

To

To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join
While sinners invite.
Or envy the swine
Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.

5 O may they, at last,
With sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste,
For which they were born :
Our Jesus receiving,
Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love !

XVI.

For Stedfastness.

1 **L**ORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall turn from thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Now I revive. and now am slain,
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

XVII.

In Temptation.

- 1 **J**ESU, God of my salvation,
Send the promis'd help I claim,
Bring me thro' in sore temptation,
Manifest thy saving name.
Art thou not the same for ever ?
Do not I on thee depend ?
O continue to deliver,
Save me, save me to the end.
- 2 From thy feeble, helpless creature
Never, never, Lord, depart ;
Shew thyself than Satan greater,
Greater than my evil heart.

If

If the fiend must vex me longer,
Buffet still my trembling soul,
Jesus, shew thyself the stronger,
Keep me till thou mak'st me whole.

- 3 Let me, while my faith is trying,
Rest in thy atoning blood,
Always bear about the dying
Of the dear Redeeming God.
Till I all thy life inherit
Let me in thy wounds abide,
Shelter there my weary spirit,
Save me, who for me hast dy'd.

XVIII.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray,
Heal me of my grief and pain,
And take my sins away:
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppress'd;
Jesus Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all
Who grone beneath their sin?
Weary I obey the call,
And come to be made clean.

Give my burden'd conscience ease,
O grant me now the promis'd rest;
Jesus Master, &c.

3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No; my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me;
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest;
Jesus Master, &c.

4 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others giv'n,
Only for thy love I pant,
My All in earth or heav'n;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The Good wherewith I would be blest;
Jesus Master, &c.

5 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath,
Join the happy few, whose love
Was mightier than death:
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest;
Jesus Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

XIX.

Christ's Compassion to the Tempted.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what sore temptation means,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fi'ry darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he'll never break,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

XX. Christ

XX.

Christ worshipped by all the Creation.

1 **C**OME let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

XXI.

Love to God.

1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

C

2 Know-

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XXII.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove !
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor glow
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosanna's languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove!
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

XXIII.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades when he appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's sweet Morning-star,
 And he my rising Sun!

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe,
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror thro'.

XXIV.

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave :
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good

- 5 Good God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

XXV.

On Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 **J**JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace !

Mine eyes, with joy
And wonder, see,
What form of love
He bears to me.

- 3 Great Prophet of my God !
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.
- 4 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul
At freedom set ;
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.

XXVI,

The same,

- 1 JESUS, my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd !
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :

His

His pow'rful blood
 Did once atone,
 And now it pleads
 Before the throne.

- 2 My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high,
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by :
 Not all that hell
 Or sin can say
 Shall turn his heart,
 His love away.
- 3 My dear Almighty Lord,
 My Conqu'ror and my King !
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing :
 Thine is the pow'r ;
 Behold, I sit
 In willing bonds !
 Beneath thy feet.
- 4 Should all the hosts of death,
 And pow'rs of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful form
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe ;
 For Christ displays
 Superior pow'r
 And guardian grace.

XXVII.

Desiring to love Christ above all things.

- 1 **O** Love divine ! how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, and faint, and die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger is love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable !
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at my Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 5 O that, with humble Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove :
Thou know'st, for all to thee is known,
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

XXVIII.

Longing for the House of God.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there !

They

They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears.
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good with-holds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls.
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts !
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee !

XXIX.

Following Christ.

1 **J**ESUS my all to heav'n is gone,
 He that I plac'd my hopes upon ;
 His track I see ; and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view :

2 The

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's high-way of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin,
No lion, no devouring care,
No rav'nous tyger shall be there.
- 4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, ~~xxx~~^{tellst} Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Help me, and to thy praise I'll live.
- 5 I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

XXX.

Desiring to love.

O Love! I languish at thy stay,
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart,
Weary and faint thro' long delay;
When wilt thou come into my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee?
Come, O thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience! come;

The hungry dying spirit's Food !
 The weary wand'ring pilgrim's Home !
 Haven, to take the ship-wreck'd in !
 My everlasting Rest from sin !

3 Come, O my Comfort and Delight !
 My Strength and Health, my Shield and
 Sun !
 My Boast, and Confidence, and Might !
 My Joy, my Glory, and my Crown !
 My Gospel-Hope, my calling's Prize !
 My Tree of life, my Paradise !

4 The Secret of the Lord thou art,
 The Mystery so long unknown,
 Christ in a meek and humble heart,
 The Name inscrib'd on the white stone,
 The Life divine, the little Leav'n,
 My precious Pearl, my present Heav'n !

XXXI.

Thankfulness to Jesus Christ.

1 **O** What shall I do
 My Saviour to praise !
 So faithful and true,
 So plenteous in grace,
 So strong to deliver,
 So good to redeem
 The weakest believer
 That hangs upon him,

- 2 How happy the man
 Whose heart is set free,
 The people that can
 Be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in
 The light of thy face;
 And still they are talking
 Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight
 Shall be in thy Name;
 They shall, as their right,
 Thy righteousness claim:
 Thy righteousness wearing,
 And, cleans'd by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear in
 The presence of God.
- 4 For Jesus, my Lord,
 Is now my defence;
 I trust in his word,
 None plucks me from thence:
 Since I have found favour,
 He all things will do;
 My King and my Saviour
 Shall make me anew.
- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see
 The bliss of thine own;
 Thy secret to me
 Shall soon be made known:
 For sorrow and sadness
 I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness
 Of all that believe.

XXXII.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

XXXIII.

On the Crucifixion.

- 1 **B**Ehold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 "'Tis done!" the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head,
Thus bows his head and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

XXXIV.

A Prayer for Faith.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r:
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes;
O, let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live:
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face;
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

XXXV.

My Lord and my God.

- 1 **O** Thou whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of unbelief remove,
And to me all thy goodness shew;
Jesu, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name; thy nature tell.
- 2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue;
I pray thee in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart.

- 3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mysteries of grace display,
Open mine eyes that I may see,
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out, "It is my Lord!"
- 4 I know him by those prints of love;
His bleeding wounds stand open wide;
Thro' faith, I handle him, and prove,
I thrust my hand into his side,
I feel the sprinkling of his blood;
Jesu, thou art my Lord, my God!

XXXVI.

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of
Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose to rich a crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree:
Lord, make me dead to all the globe,
And let the globe be dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

XXXVII.

To the Trinity.

1 **F**ATHER of mankind,
Be ever ador'd!
Thy mercy we find
In sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us;
Thy goodness we praise,
For sending, in Jesus,
Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love!
Who deigneth to die,
Our curse to remove,
Our pardon to buy:
Accept our thanksgiving,
Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven
To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of Love,
 Of health and of pow'r!
 Thy working we prove,
 Thy grace we adore:
 Whose inward revealing
 Applies our Lord's blood,
 Attesting and sealing
 The children of God.

XXXVIII.

And they crucified him.

1 O Love divine, what hast thou done!
 Th' immortal God had dy'd for me,
 The Father's co-eternal Son,
 Bore all my sins upon the tree;
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, Was ever grief like his!
 Come feel, with me, his blood apply'd;
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us rebels near to God:
 I now believe the record true,
 That I am bought with Jesu's blood:
 Pardon flows from his bleeding side:
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd !

XXXIX.

The Christian Union.

- 1 J E S U, Lord, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy Name agree :
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

XL.

Pſalm V.

1 **O** Lord, incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive sorrows weigh;
To thee for succour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray:
Still will I call with lifted eyes,
Come, O my God and King,
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliv'rance bring.

2 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hall'wing grace:
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face.
In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unslav'd from sin,
Appear before his sight.

3 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate;
Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait;

I trust

I trust in thy unbounded grace,
 To all so freely giv'n,
 And worship t'ward thy holy place,
 And lift my soul to heav'n.

- 4 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide ;
 Point out the path before my face,
 My God, be thou my Guide ;
 The cruel pow'r, the guileful art
 Of all my foes suppress,
 Whose throat's an open grave, whose heart
 Is desp'rate wickedness.

XLI.

Psalm VI.

- ¹ **L**ORD, in thy wrath no more chastise
 Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
 Against a child of man :
 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,
 And full of sin and pain.
- 2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
 Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still,
 O when shall it be o'er ?
 Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
 And, for thy mercy sake, make whole,
 And bid me sin no more.

- 3 Here, only here thy love must save,
I cannot thank thee in the grave,
Or tell thy pard'ning grace:
Who dies unpurg'd, for ever dies,
The sinner as falls he lies,
Shut up in his own place.
- 4 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord shall still accept my pray'rs,
And all my foes o'erthrow;
Shall conquer and destroy them too,
And make ev'n me a creature new,
A sinless saint below.

XLII.

Pfalm XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Wilt thou forever hide thy face?
Leave me unchang'd and unrestor'd,
An alien from the life of grace?
- 2 How long shall I enquire within,
And seek thee in my heart in vain?
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain!
- 3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a falt'ring tongue)
See at thy feet my spirits fail,
And hear me feebly grone, how long?

4 Hear

- 4 Hear me, O Lord my God, and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love;
Lighten my eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.
- 5 Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the Gulph beneath;
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting death.
- 6 Thou wilt, thou wilt! my hope returns
A sudden spir't of faith I feel;
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there for ever dwell.
- 7 Thy love I ever shall proclaim,
A mon'ment of thy mercy I!
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high!

XLIII.

Psalm XXXVIII.

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath, remember love
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 My sins a heavy burden are,
And o'er my head are gone,
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me t'atone.

- 3 My thoughts are like the troubled sea,
My head still bending down,
And I go mourning all the day,
Father, beneath thy frown.
- 4 Thou art my God, my only hope !
O hearken to my cry :
O bear my fainting spirits up
When Satan bids me die.
- 5 O God, forgive my follies past ;
Be thou forever nigh :
O Lord of my salvation, haste
And save me, or I die.

XLIV.

Pſalm LI.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry !
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight :
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

E

4 Tho

- 4 Tho' I have greiv'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merit of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song!
And all my pow'rs, shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness!

XLV.

Psalm LXIII.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble
claim;
Be thou my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God,
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even

- 4 Even life itself without thy love
 No lasting pleasure can afford;
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from thee, Lord.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

XLVI.

Psalms XC.

- 1 **O** God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an ev'ning gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
 Bears all its sons away :
 They fly forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

XLVII.

Psalm CXXI.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid ;
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,
 Whom thou vouchsafes to keep ;
 Thy ear attends the softest call,
 Thy eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble pow'rs
 With thy almighty arm,
 Thou watchest our unguarded hours
 Against invading harm.
- 4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have thy leave to smite ;
 Thou shield'st our heads from burning
 noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

- 5 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath;
Where thickest dangers come;
Go, and return secure from death, -
Till God commands thee home.

XLVIII.

Psalm CXXX.

- 1 **O**UT of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My mis'ry mark, attend my pray'r,
And bring salvation nigh.
- 2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint;
O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint.
- 3 If thou art rig'rously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justify'd?
- 4 But O! forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore; -
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.
- 5 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning-ray;
O that his mercy's beam would rise,
And bring the gospel-day!

- 6 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
 Mercy with him remains,
 Plenteous redemption in his blood
 To wash out all your stains.

XLIX.

Psalm CXXXIX.

P A R T I.

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're form'd within,
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge! deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie
 Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

P A R T 2.

1 **L** ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In hell they meet thy vengeful ire,
 In heav'n thy glorious throne.

2
 Should I suppress my vital breath,
 T'escape the wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.

3 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
 I fly beyond the West,
 Thy hands, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
 Are both alike to thee;
 O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
 From which I cannot flee.

L. Com-

L.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul :
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants for one poor grain,
 See how they toil and strive ;
 Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live !

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move ;
 We, for whose guards the angel-bands
 Come flying from above ;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood !

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vigorous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

LI,

Judgment.

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and fear,
 I view my Maker face to face,
 Oh, how shall I appear !

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought :

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 Ane set in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear !

Oh may my broken contrite heart
 Timely my sins lament ;
 And early with repentant tears
 Eternal woe prevent !

Behold the sorrows of my heart
 Ere yet it too be late,
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans
 To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,
 To make that pardon sure.

LII. The

LII.

The new Creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories shew !
" Behold, I sit upon my throne,
" Creating all things new.
- 2 " Nature and sin are past away,
" And the old Adam dies,
" My hands a new foundation lays,
" See a new world arise."
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin ;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell :
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May I for ever dwell.

LIII.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise!
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to tell thy grace.

With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesu, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

Give me to hide my blushing face
While thy dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form thy heart divine.

There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort strong,
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unerring tongue.

LIV. Un-

LIV.

Unfaithfulness.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain!
- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear,
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

LVI. Since

LV.

Sincere Praise.

1 **A**lmighty Maker, God,
 How glorious is thy name!
 Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
 Throughout creation's frame?

2 In native white and red
 The rose and lily stand,
 And free from pride their beauties spread,
 To shew thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky
 With unambitious song,
 And bears her Maker's praise on high
 Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
 To my Creator too,
 Fain would my heart adore my King,
 And give him praises due.

5 But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform,
 Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.

6 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er prove true
 Till it be form'd again.

F

LVI. The

LVI.

The Comparifon and Complaint.

- 1 **I**Nfinite Pow'r, eternal Lord,
How fov'reign is thy hand !
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With fteady courfe the fhining fun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the bours obedient run
The circle of the day.
- 3 But, ah ! how wide my fpirit flies,
And wanders from her God,
My foul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.
- 4 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee ?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me ?
- 5 Great God, create my foul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.
- 6 Then fhall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove ;
Devotion fhall be all my heart,
And all my paffions love.

LVII.

A Prayer for Light of Life.

O Sun of Righteousness ! arise,
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseas'd and fainting soul
Life and salvation bring.

These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love intire on thee.

Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three !
On thee all faith, all hope is plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

LVIII.

We love him, because he first loved us.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty; he'll forgive!
Arise, ye needy; he'll relieve!
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 Eternal Lord, almighty King!
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Dev'ls with force, and men with love.
- 4 The wounded spear pierces my heart;
When thou art nail'd, I feel the smart;
Thy groans my echoing sighs display;
Thou bow'st thy head, I faint away.
- 5 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where-e'er I am, where-e'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 6 Infatiate to this Spring I fly,
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah, who against thy charms is proof,
Ah, who that loves, can love enough!

LIX.

A Morning Hymn.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high !
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe !

How beauteous nature now !
How dark and sad before !
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day !
Or Jesu's blood, like ev'ning dew,
Wash all the stains away.

May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day
As if it was our last.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be !

LX.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **E**Ternal Pow'r, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust for thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from far has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name.
But, Oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, and men below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

LXI. Psalm

LXI.

Psalm XVIII.

1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord my pow'r,
 My Rock and Fortrefs is the Lord,
 My God, my Saviour, and my Tow'r,
 My Horn and Strength, my Shield and
 Sword!
 Secure I trust in his defence,
 I stand in his Omnipotence.

2 Still will I invoke his name,
 And spend my life in pray'r and praise;
 His goodness own, his promise claim,
 And look for all his saving grace,
 Till all his saving grace I see,
 From sin and hell for ever free.

He sav'd me in temptation's hour,
 Horribly caught and compass'd round,
 Expos'd to Satan's raging pow'r,
 In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,
 Condemn'd the second death to feel,
 Arrested by the pains of hell.

To God, my God, with plaintive cry,
 I call'd in agony of fear;
 My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
 My groaning reach'd his gracious ear;
 He heard me from his glorious throne,
 And sent the timely rescue down.

LXI. Psalm

LXII.

Psalm XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walk he shall attend,
And all my midnight-hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart should fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still,
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wiles I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

LXIII.

Psalm XLV.

1 **M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare ;
Of him I make my loftier songs,
And cannot from his praise forbear !
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my heav'nly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art,
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart :
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy pow'r divine,
Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
All pow'r and majesty are thine ;
Assert thy worship and renown,
O all redeeming God, come down.

LXIV.

Psalm C.

1 **B**Efore Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and can destroy.

2 His

- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

LXV.

Psalm CIII.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sin forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

- 4 As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far hath he our sins remov'd,
Who with a Father's tender breast,
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 5 The Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n hath fix'd his lofty throne;
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his praise is shewn.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature join to bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy, thy thanks express,
And in the concert bear a part.

LXVI.

Psalm CXVI.

- 1 **O** Thou who when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And heard me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul incompass'd round:
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
On ev'ry side I found.

- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
 And did for succour flee :
 O save (in my distress I said)
 The soul that trusts in thee !
- 5 How good thou art, how large thy grace,
 How easy to forgive,
 The helpless thou delight'st to raise,
 And by thy love I live.
- 6 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
 My feet from falling free,
 Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
 O Lord, I'll live to thee.

LXVII.

Psalm CXXI.

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills,
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels.
 Will he not his help afford ?
 Help while yet I ask is giv'n,
 God comes down, the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heav'n.
- 2 Faithful souls, pray, always pray,
 And still in God confide ;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide.

Lean on the Redeemer's breast,
 He thy quiet spirit keeps,
 Rest in him, securely rest,
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Christ shall bless thy going-out,
 Shall bless thy coming-in,
 Kindly compass thee about
 Till thou art sav'd from sin.
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love and pow'r,
 Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
 Henceforth, and for evermore.

LXVIII.

Psalm CXXVIII.

BLEST is the man that fears the Lord,
 And walks in all his ways;
 An earnest of his great reward
 On earth his Master pays.

2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain
 For perishable food;
 Thy Father shall his own sustain,
 And fill thy soul with good.

3 Happy in him thy soul shall be,
 And on his furnace feed;
 Jesus, who came from heav'n for thee,
 Shall be thy living bread.

G

4 Thy

- 4 Thy wife shall, as the fruitful vine,
Her blooming offspring shew ;
Thy children shall be God's, not thine,
His pleasant plants below.
- 5 Thus shall the man be blest, who owns
His Maker for his Lord,
Or doubly blest with better sons
Begotten by the word.
- 6 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
With Israel's blessing blest,
Thou then the church above shalt join,
And gain the heav'nly rest.

LXIX.

Psaln CXXXIV.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God,
Whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd
In watching and pray'r :
With praises unceasing,
Your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing and blessing
His excellent name!
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands,
Come all to his house,
And lift up your hands,
And pay him your vows :

And

And while you are giving
 Your Maker is due,
 The Lord out of heaven
 Shall sanctify you.

LXX.

Psalm CXXXIX.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast
 known

My rising-up and lying-down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways:
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would
 vent,
 My yet-unutter'd words intent.

3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
 A skill for human reach too high,
 Too dazling bright for mortal eye.

4 O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once forsaking thee!
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 O whither from thy presence run?

- 5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
 If down to hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the Western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
 Through midnight shades thou find'st the
 way,
 As in the blazing noon of day.

LXXI.

Psalm CXLV. Part. 2 Ver. 14.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all!
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou, Lord, supports our infant days,
 And guides our giddy youth:
 Holy and just are all thy ways,
 And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou

- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
 Thou hear'st thy children cry:
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere;
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise, —
 And spread thy fame abroad:
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.

LXXII.

Psalm CXLVI.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God! He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, and all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds thee poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind,
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow, and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

LXXIII.

Psalm CXLVII.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise:
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names:
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
 And all his glories infinite;
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 What

- 4 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse,
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 5 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

LXXIV.

Hymn to the Trinity.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless praise to thee:
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In cō-eternal Three!

- 2 Inthron'd in everlasting state,
E'er time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd
The seraphs veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
Th' angelic army sings.

4 To

- 4 To thee, by mystic pow'rs on high,
Were humble praises giv'n,
When John beheld, with favour'd eye,
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in hymns aspire;
May we, as angels on the thrones,
For ever join the choir.
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless praise to thee,
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

LXXV.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill!
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They shew the labour of thy hands,
And impress of thy feet.

- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall teach my heart,
And love command my tongue.

LXXVI.

The Offices of Christ.

J OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set thee, Saviour, forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Great

3 Great prophet of my God !
My tongue shall bless thy name ;
By thee, the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

LXXVII.

Heaven begun on Earth.

1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God ;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad,

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;

4 This

4 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love !
 Thou shalt send down thy heav'nly pow'rs,
 To carry us above :

5 There we shall see thy face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of thy grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry,
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

LXXVIII.

Solomon's Song, Ch. II. Ver. 1, &c.

BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
 The Lily which the valleys bear !
 Behold the Tree of life, that gives
 Refreshing fruit and healing leaves !

Amongs the thorns and lilies shine,
 Among wild gourds the mantling vine :
 So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
 Amidst a thousand meaner loves :

Beneath this cooling shade I sat,
 To shield me from the burning heat ;
 Of heav'nly fruit, he spreads a feast,
 To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

- 4 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down, and rest upon my heart :
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

Ver. 8.

- 1 **T**HE Voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds:
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face:
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue.
Rise, saith the Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle-dove, we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 Th³ immortal Vine, of heav'nly root,
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit:
Lo! we are come to taste the wine,
Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6 And when I hear my Jesus say
 " Rise up, my Love, make haste away,"
 My heart would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXXIX.

Solomon's Song, Chap. IV. Ver. 1.

KIND is the speech of Christ our
 Lord,

Affection sounds in ev'ry word :

" Thou art my chosen one, he cries,

" Bound to my heart by various ties.

" Sweet is thy voice, my Spouse, to me,

" I will behold no spot in thee."

What mighty wonders love performs,

That puts a comeliness on worms !

Defil'd and loathsome as we are,

Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair,

Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,

Thy graces and thy righteousness.

Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,

Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,

Shall hold my feet, or force my stay

From thee ; come, Saviour, come away.

O may my spirit daily rise

On wings of faith above the skies,

Till death shall make my last remove,

To dwell for ever with my love.

LXXX.

Solomon's Song, Chap. V.

- 1 **W**H O's this, that like the morning
shows,
When she her path with roses strews,
More fair than the replenish'd moon,
More radiant than the sun at noon?
- 2 Nor armies, with their ensigns spread,
So threat'ning with amazing dread;
His looks like cedars planted on,
The brows of lofty Lebanon.
- 3 His Tongue the ear with music feeds,
And he in ev'ry part exceeds:
Among ten thousand he appears
The chief, and beauty's ensign bear
- 4 I, my Belov'd, am only thine,
And thou, by just exchange, art mine:
Come, let us tread the pleasant fields,
Taste we what fruit the country yields.
- 5 There where no frosts our springs destroy,
Shalt thou alone my love enjoy:
Come, my Belov'd, O come away,
Love is impatient of delay.
- 6 Run, like a youthful heart or roe,
On hills, where precious spices grow:
Love is impatient of delay,
Come, my Belov'd, O come away.

LXXXI.

1 **A**ND can it be that I should gain
 An int'rest in my Saviour's blood?
 Dy'd he for me?—who caus'd his pain!
 For me?—who him to death pursu'd!
 Amazing love! how can it be
 That thou, my God, should'st die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all: th' Immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love Divine.
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
 (So free, so infinite his grace)
 Empty'd himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
 Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 Still the small inward voice I hear,
 That whispers all my sins forgiv'n;

Still the atoning blood is near,
 That quench'd the wrath of hostile
 heav'n ;
 I feel the life his wounds impart,
 I feel my Saviour in my heart.

- 6 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine:
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And cloath'd in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

LXXXII.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning
 fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest :
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come, and consecrate my breast ;
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred presence there !
- 2 If now thy influence I feel,
 If now in thee begin to live ;
 Still to my heart thyself reveal,
 Give me thyself, for ever give :
 A point my good, a drop my store ;
 Eager I ask, and pant for more.
- 3 Eager for thee I ask and pant ;
 So strong the principle divine

Carries me out with sweet constraint,
 Till all my hallow'd soul be thine :
 Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest sea,
 And lost in thine immensity.

My Peace, my Life, my Comfort now,
 My Treasure and my All thou art ;
 True Witness of my sonship thou,
 Engraving pardon on my heart ;
 Seal of my sins in Christ forgiv'n,
 Earnest of Love, and Pledge of heav'n.

Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,
 Of heav'n a larger earnest give,
 With clearer light thy witness bear,
 More sensibly within me live ;
 Let all my pow'rs thine entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest !
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come and consecrate my breast ;
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred presence there !

LXXXIII.

MORE dear than life itself thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still
 employ ;
 And to declare thy praise will prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.

- 2 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 3 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows,
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.
- 4 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,
With trembling awe in midnight-shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.
- 5 In all I do I feel thy aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bid'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 6 My soul draws nigh, and cleaves to thee;
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free,
For whom thou sav'st he ne'er shall fall.

LXXXIV.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, my Strength, my
Tow'r,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
In all thy works, and thee alone!
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah!

2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah, why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain !
 Aham'd I sigh and inly mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.
 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd :
 For wide my wand'ring thoughts were
 spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd,
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.
 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd :
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray :
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace-
 Still to press forward in thy way :
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.
 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires,
 Give to my soul with filial fears,
 The love that all heav'n's host inspires :
 That all my pow'rs with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.

- 7 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love beneath thy frown
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod ;
 What tho' my flesh and heart decay.
 Thee shall I love in endless day !

LXXXV.

- 1 **A** BBA, Father ! hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconcil'd !
 Hear, and all the graces show'r,
 All the joy, and peace, and pow'r,
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life of heav'n, of love.
- 2 Lord I will not let thee go,
 Till the blessing thou bestow ;
 Hear my Advocate divine,
 Lo ! to his my suit I join :
 Join'd to his it cannot fail—
 Bless me, for I will prevail !
- 3 Stoop from thine eternal throne,
 See thy promise calls thee down !
 High and lofty as thou art
 Dwell within my worthless heart !
 My poor fainting soul revive ;
 Here for ever walk and live.
- 4 Heav'nly Adam, Life divine,
 Change my nature into thine :

Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:

Be it I no longer now,
Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
Come, and in thy temple stay;
Now thine inward witness bear
Strong, and permanent, and clear,
Spring of Life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart!

LXXXVI.

AND Can I yet delay
My little all to give,
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
Sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee Conqueror.

Tho' late I all forsake, uO
My friends, my life resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Stable and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My Hope, my heav'nly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

LXXXVII.

1 **F**ATHER of mankind,
Be ever ador'd :
Thy mercy we find,
In sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us :
Thy goodness we praise,
For sending in Jesus
Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love,
Who deignedst to die,
Our curse to remove,
Our pardon to buy :
Accept our thanksgiving,
Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven
To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of love,
Of health and of pow'r,

Thy working we prove,
 Thy grace we adore;
 Whose inward revealing
 Applies our Lord's blood,
 Attesting and sealing
 Us children of God.

LXXXVIII.

AUTHOR of faith, appear!
 Be thou its Finisher;
 Upward still for this we gaze,
 Till we feel the Stamp divine,
 Thee behold with open face,
 Bright in all thy glory shine.

Leave not thy work undone,
 But ever love thine own,
 Let us all thy goodness prove,
 Let us to the end believe;
 Shew thy everlasting love,
 Save us, to the utmost save.

O that our life might be
 One looking up to thee!
 Ever hast'ning to the day
 When our eyes shall see thee near!
 Come, Redeemer, come away!
 Glorious in thy saints appear.

Jesu, the heavens bow,
 We long to meet thee now!

Now

Now in majesty come down,
 Pity thine elect and come;
 Hear us in thy Spirit groan,
 Take the weary exiles home.

- 5 Now let thy face be seen
 Without a veil between :
 Come, and change our faith to sight,
 Swallow up mortality ;
 Plunge us in a sea of light,
 Christ be all in all to me.

LXXXIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, attend ; thyself reveal !
 Are we not met in thy great name ?
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 2 Thou, God, that answerest by fire,
 The Spir't of burning now impart,
 And let the flames of pure desire
 Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 3 Truly our fellowship below
 With thee and with thy Father is :
 In thee eternal life we know,
 And heav'n's unutterable bliss.
- 4 In part we only know thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above,
 And I shall then behold thee near,
 And I shall all be lost in love !

XC.

I Would be thine, thou know'st I would,
 And have thee all mine own;
 Thee, O mine all-sufficient Good,
 I want, and thee alone.

Thy name to me, thy nature grant:
 This, only this be giv'n,
 Nothing besides my God I want,
 Nothing in earth or heav'n.

Come, O my Saviour, come away,
 Into my soul descend,
 No longer from thy creature stay,
 My Author, and my End.

The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd,
 No longer be delay'd;
 Come, my exceeding great Reward,
 For whom I first was made.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 And seal me thine abode,
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 Let all I am be God!

XCI.

Believing on my Lord, I find
 A sure and present aid:
 On the alone my constant mind
 Is ev'ry moment stay'd.

I

2 What

- 2 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 3 Jesus, my strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
Where faith in fight shall end.

XCII.

- 1 **C**HRISt our Head and common Lord,
See the souls that wait on thee,
Hear us all with one accord
Sweetly in thy praise agree ;
Parted tho' in flesh we are,
Join'd to thee our corner-stone,
We are intimately near,
Present, and in spirit one.
- 2 Let us now to thee aspire,
Who thy life begin to know,
Let the circulating fire
Now in ev'ry bosom glow :
Let the incense of our vows
From thy golden censer rise,
Fragrant thro' the higher house,
Well-accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Come, ye absent souls, who love
Jesus with a simple heart,

Seek with us the things above,
 Never from the work depart :
 Never let us cease to sing
 The great riches of his grace,
 Till we all behold our King
 Eye to eye, and face to face.

4 Quickly we shall all appear
 At the judgment seat above,
 We shall see our Jesus near,
 Him whom now unseen we love ;
 We his dear, peculiar ones,
 Sharers of our Master's bliss,
 We shall sit upon our thrones,
 We shall see him as he is.

5 Partners of this heav'nly hope,
 Travel on and meet us there,
 We shall surely be caught up,
 Meet the Saviour in the air:
 Yes ; eternity's at hand,
 We shall soon be taken home,
 With the Lamb on Sion stand—
 Come, Desire of Nations, come!

XCIII.

1 **I**N a land of corn and wine
 My lot is cast below,
 Comforts here and blessings join,
 And milk and honey flow:

Jacob's well is in my soul,
Gracious dew my heav'ns distil,
Fill my spir't already full,
And shall for ever fill.

- 2 Blest, O Israel, art thou,
What people is like thee ?
Sav'd from sin by Jesus now
Thou art, and still shall be ;
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword,
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield,
To God's almighty word.

- 3 God's almighty word shall stand,
Thine enemies shall fall,
Fade away at his command,
And sink and perish all :
Liars shall they all be found,
All who cry'd, " It cannot be,
" Sin should ever quit its ground,
" And have no place in thee."

- 4 God, the gracious God, and true,
Hath spoke the faithful word :
He the mighty work shall do
Our trust is in the Lord :
He the mountain shall remove,
He the sinner shall restore,
He shall perfect me in love,
And I shall sin no more.

XCIV.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In thy behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One,
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear,
 I 3.

He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear,
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father, cry !

XCV.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling.
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesu, thou art all compassion,
 Pure abounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave,
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be,
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd in thee :
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

XCVI.

- 1 **Y**E heavens rejoice
 In Jesus's grace,
 Let earth make a noise
 And echo his praise!
 Our all-loving Saviour
 Hath pacify'd God,
 And paid for his favour
 The price of his blood.
- 2 Ye mountains and vales,
 In praises abound;
 Ye hills and ye dales,
 Continue the sound;
 Break forth into singing,
 Ye trees of the wood;
 For Jesus is bringing
 Lost sinners to God.
- 3 Atonement he made
 For every one:
 The debt he hath paid;
 The work he hath done,
 Shout all the creation
 Below and above,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus's love.
- 4 His mercy hath brought
 Salvation to all,

Who

Who takes it unbought!
 He frees them from thrall,
 Throughout the believer
 His glory displays,
 And perfects for ever
 The vessels of grace.

XCVII.

1 **R**EJOICE evermore
 With angels above,
 In Jesus's pow'r,
 In Jesus's love;
 With glad exultation
 Your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation
 To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
 In trouble hast been,
 Hast sav'd us from grief,
 Hast sav'd us from sin :
 The pow'r of thy Spirit
 Hath set our hearts free;
 And now we inherit
 All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace,
 All fulness of joy,
 And spiritual bliss,
 That never shall cloy;

To us it is given
 In Jesus to know
 A kingdom of heaven,
 An heaven below.

4 No longer we join,
 While sinners invite,
 Or envy the swine
 Their brutish delight:
 Their joy is all sadness,
 Their mirth is all vain,
 Their laughter is madness,
 Their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last
 With sorrow return,
 The pleasures to taste
 For which they were born;
 Our Jesus receiving,
 Our happiness prove,
 The joy of believing,
 The heaven of love.

XCVIII.

PRAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
 Your glorious Lord, and ours,
 Principalities and thrones,
 And all the heav'nly pow'rs;
 Angels that in strength excel,
 Here your utmost strength employ,
 Let your ravish'd spirits swell
 With endless praise and joy.

- 2 Worms of earth on gods we call,
And challenge you to sing,
Sing the sov'reign Cause of all,
The universal King;
While eternal ages last,
The transporting theme repeat,
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
Your crowns before his seat.
- 3 There with you we trust to lie,
With you to rise again,
Nearest him that rules the sky,
And foremost of his train;
We shall lead the heav'nly choir,
We shall give the key to you,
Singing to our golden lyre,
The song for ever new.

XCIX.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our spirit stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
And hasten thro' the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 W
Swift to our heavenly country

We have no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight :
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind,
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find ;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.

Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
 And still with longing eyes look up,
 Our hearts and pray'rs before us send,
 Our ready scouts of faith and hope,
 Who bring us news of Sion near,
 We soon shall see the tow'rs appear.

Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
 With songs to Sion we return,
 Contending for our native heav'n,
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.

Ev'n now we taste the pleasures there,
 A cloud of spicy odours comes,
 Soft wafted by the balmy air,
 Sweeter than Araby's perfumes ;
 From Sion's top the breezes blow,
 And cheer us in the vale below.

8 Rais'd

- 8 Rais'd by the breath of Love Divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd,
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God,
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies,

C.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear:
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from self-design,
 From ev'ry creature-love!
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those, that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen:
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 I have no sharer of my heart,
 To rob my Saviour of a part,
 And desecrate the whole:

Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait his coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

5 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim :
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesu's name.

6 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

7 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise,
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

8 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

- 9 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest :
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast.

CI.

- 1 **W**ITH Jesus Christ together we
 In heav'nly places sit,
 Cloth'd with the sun we smile to see
 The moon beneath our feet.
- 2 Our life is hid with Christ in God,
 Our life shall soon appear,
 And spread his glory all abroad
 In all his members here.
- 3 The heav'nly treasure now we have
 In a mean house of clay,
 Which he shall to the utmost save,
 And guard against that day.
- 4 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he will keep them still,
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Sion's hill.
- 5 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
 Our face like his shall shine :
 O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !

(III)

O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage thro',
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home :
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
O Jesus, quickly come !

CII.

SAVIOUR, Friend, of lost mankind
Now thy love we call to mind,
Us thou hast in mercy sought,
Us unto thyself hast brought.

Long, too long we went astray,
Wand'ers from the narrow way,
Down a broad destructive road,
Far from peace, and far from God.

We the paths of death pursu'd
With the thoughtless multitude,
Worldly good was all our aim,
Pleasure, pow'r, and wealth, and fame.

K 2

4 But

- 4 But thy tender pity saw,
Stopp'd us by a sacred awe,
Us our fatal error shew'd,
Turn'd, and brought us back to God.
- 5 Walking in thy pleasant ways,
Humbly still we sue for grace,
Thy directing aid implore;
Never let us wander more:
- 6 Lest again we start aside,
Lord, be thou our constant guide,
Kindly take us by the hand,
Lead us to the promis'd land.

CHH.

- 1 **A** Little time I dwell below;
A little while I labour here:
And endless rest I soon shall know,
Where toil shall cease, and sin, and care,
- 3 Soon shall this weary soul of mine,
Out of this fleshly prison haste:
Death me shall bear away to join
The church caught up to be at rest.
- 3 No sooner shall the Lord proclaim,
Sounding the wish'd-for jubilee:
Let go my servant, loose my Lamb;]
But I in endless bliss shall be.
- 4 I joyful here my work perform,
Knowing when all my work is done,
I (tho' a poor unworthy worm)
Shall share the Lord my Saviour's throne.

There shall my worldly bus'ness end,
 And I wrapt up in glorious peace,
 My everlasting age shall spend,
 And see my Jesus face to face.

There long I to adore my King,
 Bowing before the Lord most high;
 There pant I with the saints to sing
 Loud songs to all eternity.

CIV.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if thou art mine:
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above,
 Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love:
 To me with thy dear name are giy'n
 Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.

Jesu, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The med'cine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown.

- 4 In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty pow'r,
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My light in Satan's darkest hour,
 In grief my joy unspeakable,
 My life in death, my heav'n in hell.

CV.

- 1 **M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim
 Thine, wholly thine I long to be
 Thou seest at last I willing am,
 Where'er thou go'st to follow thee,
 Myself in all things to deny;
 Thine, wholly thine to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
 For thee I chearfully forego,
 My covetous and vain desires,
 My hopes of happiness below,
 My senses, and my passion's food,
 And all my lust of creature-good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise, no more
 Shall lead my captive soul astray,
 My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
 Thee, only thee resolv'd to obey,
 My own in all things to resign,
 And know no other will than thine.
- 4 Reason, blind leader of the blind,
 No more my sinking soul shall stay,

The wisdom of the carnal mind,
That broken reed I cast away,
And stand by trusting in thy might,
And follow thy unerring light.

5 All pow'r is thine in earth and heav'n,
All fulness dwells in thee alone ;
Whate'er I had was freely giv'n,
Nothing but sin I call my own,
Other propriety disclaim,
Thou only art the great I AM.

6 Wherefore to thee I all resign,
Being thou art, and good, and pow'r,
Thy only will be done, not mine ;
Thee, Lord, let earth and heav'n adore,
Flow back the rivers to their sea,
And let our all be lost in thee.

CVI.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades thro' the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel,
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that happy place,
The saints secure abide :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 See,

- 3 See, where the Lamb in glory stands,
 Incircled with his radiant bands,
 And join th' angelic pow'rs,
 For all that height of glorious blifs
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heav'n is ours.
- 4 Who suffers for our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down:
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all, that to the end endure
 The cross shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice-blessed blifs, inspiring hope!
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead:
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last
 Triumphant with our head.
- 6 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see:
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 7 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit one and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to compleat,
 And lo! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heav'n.

- 8 In hope of that extatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,
 And at thy footstool fall,
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is all in all.

CVII.

- 1 **H**OW happy, gracious Lord, are we
 Divinely drawn to follow thee,
 Whose hours divided are
 Betwixt the mount and multitude;
 Our day is spent in doing good,
 Our night in praise and pray'r.
- 2 With us no melancholy void,
 No moment lingers unemploy'd,
 Or unimprov'd below;
 Our weariness of life is gone,
 Who lives to serve our God alone,
 And only thee to know.
- 3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
 Glides imperceptibly away,
 Too short to sing thy praise;
 Too few we find the happy hours,
 And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs
 In everlasting lays.
- 4 With all who chaunt thy name on high,
 And holy, holy, holy cry,
 A bright harmonious throng,

We

We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

CVIII.

1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart,
Ev'ry fainting soul inspire,
Shine in ev'ry drooping heart,
Ev'ry mournful sinner chear,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To thine human temples come:

2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in ;
Fill us with the glorious pow'r.
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we requir' ;
We will covet nothing less :
Thou art all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

3 Whom but thee have we in heav'n,
Whom have we on earth but thee ?
Only thou to us be giv'n,
All besides is vanity :
Grant us love, we ask no more,
Ev'ry other gift remove ;
Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and pow'r,
Still we all enjoy in love.

CIX.

1 **C**OME, let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a raste of the banquet above:
 If thy heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up to the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to out-ride
 The storm of affliction beneath,
 With the prophet we soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home,
 By hope we the rapture improve,
 By love we still rise
 And look down on the skies:
 For the heaven of heavens is love,

4 Who on earth can conceive,
 How happy we live
 In the city of God the great King!
 What a concert of praise
 When our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join!

Join

Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM,
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads,
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatify'd spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name,
Our bodies his glory display,
A day without night
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day.

CX.

1 **O** The length, and breadth, and height
And depth of dying love!
Love that turns our faith to sight,
And wafts to heav'n above:

Pledg

Pledge of our possession, this,
 This which nature fain'ts to bear;
 Who shall then support the bliss,
 The joy, the rapture there !

2 Flesh and blood shall not receive
 The vast inheritance;
 God we cannot see and live
 The life of feeble sense;
 In our weakest nonage, here,
 Up into our head we grow,
 Saints before our Lord appear,
 And ripe for heav'n below.

3 We his image shall regain,
 And to his stature rise,
 Rise into a perfect man,
 And then ascend the skies,
 Find our happy mansions there,
 Strong to bear the joys above,
 All the glorious weight to bear
 Of everlasting love.

CXI.

LIFT up your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels join'd in one,
 What a countless company
 Stands before yon dazling throne !
 Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in milk-white robes array'd,
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.

L

2 Saints

- 2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heav'nly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God the glorious Saviour praise,
All salvation from him came,
Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
Let the morning-stars reply.
- 3 Angel-pow'rs the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay,
Prostrate on their face before
God, and his Messiah fall,
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that dy'd for all.
- 4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise,
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race:
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and pow'r,
Honour, majesty, and might,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

CXII.

- I **W**HAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?

These

These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood,
 Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
 Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
 Wash'd their robes, by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow;
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night,
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er,
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more;
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray,
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead;
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from ev'ry face,
 Fill up ev'ry soul with love.

CXIII.

- 1 **W**HO is as the Christian great,
Bought and wash'd with sacred
blood ?
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.
- 2 Who is as the christian blest ?
He his nought for all hath giv'n,
Bought the Pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heav'n.
- 3 Who is as the christian blest ?
He has found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.
- 4 Earth and heav'n together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character compleat,
All immortal, all divine.
- 5 Lo ! his cloathing is the Sun,
The bright Sun of righteousness,
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 6 Lo ! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head ;
Feasts for ever on his love.

- 7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.
- 8 Who shall gain that heav'nly height,
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I, who claim it in his right,
Christ hath bought it all for me.

CXIV.

Hymn of Praise, in a Dialogue.

- 1 **R**ISE, O ye seed of David, rise!
Daughters of Zion sing :
' Up, sons of Jacob, Jesus praise,
' Salute th' auspicious King.
- 2 Employ in sweetest melody
Your consecrated tongue :
' While we shall sing in harmony,
' Join also in the song.
- 3 Your lamps, ye waiting virgins, trim,
For lo! the Bridegroom comes:
' Join with us, and our lays to him
' Shall be as rich perfumes.
- 4 Women of Israel, favour'd train,
Your humble master bless :
' Our Lord and yours, ye sons of men,
' In joyful hymns confess.

L 3.

5 Our

- 5 Our souls are ready, and our tongue
Is tun'd to praise the Lamb :
‘ So ready is our ransom’d throng
‘ To magnify his name !
- 6 Why stay we then ? the Lord extol !
Zion, break forth in praise :
‘ Join ev’ry heav’nly-minded soul,
‘ In pure perpetual lays,
- 7 Open, ye everlasting doors !
Divide, ye gates of bliss !
‘ We with dominions, thrones, and pow’rs,
‘ Adore our Righteousness !
- 8 Within your shining walls receive
Our praise, to Jesus giv’n :
‘ Praise will we offer while we live,
‘ And when we join in heav’n.
- 9 Eternal Father, we adore,
And joyful own thy name :
‘ Thou wast, and art, and evermore
‘ Remainest God the same !
- 10 To thee, Redeemer, Lamb of God,
We offer praise and bliss :
‘ Through thy most precious wounds, and
‘ blood,
‘ Came all our happiness.
- 11 Hail, promis’d Spirit ! Holy Ghost,
Sent down for Israel’s guide :
‘ Thee will we bless when time is lost,
‘ And we are glorify’d.

CXV.

For a Feast of Charity, in a Dialogue.

- 1 **D**AMSELS, arise ! and ye who chuse
To marry with the Lamb :
' We other lovers hence refuse,
' And all beside disclaim.
- 2 Then trim your lamps, your lamps prepare;
Here will the Bridegroom come :
' The good report we thankful hear ;
' Our hearts shall make him room.
- 3 Come, Lord, and bless our feast to-day,
The guests are all thine own :
' Ev'n so, Amen ! Lord, here display
' Thy love, and reign alone.

CXVI.

At parting with a Minister.

- 1 **T**O-day we meet to take our leave
Of him by Jesus sent :
He takes away whom late he gave,
And we will be content.
- 2 Our scatter'd brethren yet unknown,
Must Jesu's gospel hear :
'Tis time the flocks were join'd in one,
The latter day is near.

3 Go.

- 3 Go then, dear shepherd, God obey,
The Lamb goes out before :
We for thy prosp'rous journey pray,
Go, and return in pow'r.
- 4 Go, if we never see thee hence,
Till time shall cease to be :
We know with God's inheritance
We shall sit down with thee.
- 5 Be not afraid to leave the herd,
Us to the Lamb commit :
Only beseech our tender Lord
To keep us at his feet.
- 6 To distant countries, foreign lands,
Where-e'er the Saviour please :
Courageously go out, his hands
Shall bear thee back in peace.
- 7 Or if he call thee home before
Thou seest our face again,
'Tis very good, for evermore
With thee we soon shall reign.
- 8 Where-e'er the Lord th' apostles sent,
He after alway came :
He'll be with thee, be thou content,
Our Saviour is the same.
- 9 Eternal Jesus. mind thy word ;
Be careful of thy child :
Behold our brother, be thou, Lord,
His helmet, sword, and shield.

10. Close by thy side thy servant keep,
Still hold him in thy hand ;
Till him, and we, and all thy sheep,
Shall rest in our own land.

CXVII.

Humbled at Christ's Feet.

O Let our souls look back, and view
The dangers he has brought us thro':
Out of what straits, and misery,
Hath Jesus brought us tenderly ?
Forget not this, our souls, think on his cross !
And do not, do not slight our Saviour thus :

Remember all his bloody sweat,
His wounded hands, his bleeding feet ;
His agony, his cries, and tears ;
His three-and-thirty suff'ring years :
Do we remember this ? then how can we
Grieve the Lamb, and deal ungratefully ?

Surely our souls can see their sin,
How very foolish they have been ;
They fall at Jesu's feet, and prove
How he is full of grace and love :
Our souls repent, dear Lord, O give us pow'r,
Never, O never to displease thee more.

CXVIII.

CXVIII.

Rejoicing in Liberty.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit of the law of life
Has made us children free
From hell, and sin, and fear, and strife,
And giv'n us liberty !
- 2 No condemnation we shall know,
For we in Jesus are
Belov'd of God, and sealed too,
In endless bliss to share.
- 3 The Lord is to his people come,
Our nature's pow'r is slain :
And, forc'd, makes our Emanuel room,
And owns his right to reign.
- 4 Go on, O King ! nor let one foe,
One enemy survive !
Humble our pride, our lusts subdue,
Nor let our passions live !
- 5 Let ev'ry wish, and ev'ry thought,
Which have not own'd thy sway,
Down from its lofty seat be brought,
And trembling thee obey !
- 6 Let even sin's in-being feel !
The sharpness of thy sword :
Its roots tear up, its raging still,
And let it know thee, Lord !

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For thee, dear Saviour, thee alone,
Would we have sin subdu'd :
O slay it, Lord, and tread it down,
And drown it in thy blood.

This only wait we for, and we
Shall join the church above ;
Shall leave a sinful world, and flee
To dwell in perfect love.

CXIX.

Society.

LORD, while below thy pilgrims stay,
Our dear Companion be :
Talk to us, Saviour, all the way,
Till we come up to thee.

Now, dearest Advocate, be nigh,
Rejoicing ev'ry heart :
Nor leave thy children by and by,
When we rise up to part.

Still bear us company, and we,
(The purchase of thy blood)
Will bless no other Lord but thee,
Thou true, thou only God !

CXX.

CXX.

The Pilgrim's Hymn in a Dialogue.

- 1 **T**ELL us, O women ! we would know
 Whither so fast ye move ?
 ' We, call'd to leave the world below,
 ' Are seeking one above.
- 2 Whence came ye ? say—and what the place
 That ye are travelling from ?
 ' From tribulation, we thro' grace
 ' Are now returning home.
- 3 Is not your native country here,
 The place of your abode ?
 ' We seek a better country far,
 ' A city built by God.
- 4 Thither we travel, nor intend
 Short of that bliss to rest :
 ' Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
 ' Our weary souls are bless'd.
- 5 We surely know that we shall have
 Our lot in Canaan's land :
 ' The witness us our Saviour gave,
 ' Seal'd with his bleeding hand.
- 6 Christ is in us a certain hope
 Of glory yet to come :
 ' Also to us did Jesus stoop
 ' T' assure us, there is room.

- 7 Hail ! highly-favour'd women ! ye
For endless heav'n design'd :
‘ Hail ! sons of Abrah'm, you shall be
‘ More blest'd than all mankind.
- 8 For you the Lamb, the Bridegroom waits,
His bride shall you be made :
‘ And you with us (within his gates)
‘ Shall join the Lord our Head.’
- 9 Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign :
Saviour, we ask no more :
‘ Hail, Lamb of God for sinners slain !
‘ Whom heav'n and earth adore !’

CXXI.

The last Wish.

TO do, or not to do ; to have,
Or not to have, I leave to thee :
To be, or not to be, I leave :
Thy only will be done in me :
All my requests are lost in one,
Father, thy only will be done.

Suffice that for the season past
Myself in things divine I sought,
For comforts cry'd with eager haste,
And murmur'd that I found them not :
I leave it now to thee alone,
Father, thy only will be done.

M

3 Thy

- 3 Thy gifts I clamour for no more,
 Or selfishly thy grace require
 An evil heart to varnish o'er;
 Jesus the Giver I desire,
 After the flesh no longer known:
 Father, thy only will be done.
- 4 Welcome alike the crown or cross;
 Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
 Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
 Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
 Father, thy only will be done.

CXXII.

- 1 **J**ESU, help thy fallen creature!
 Conqu'ror of the world thou art,
 Stronger than the fiend, and greater
 Than this poor rebellious heart:
 Pow'r, I know, to thee is given,
 Pow'r to sentence or release,
 Pow'r to shut, or open heaven;
 Thou alone hast all the keys.
- 2 Open then, in great compassion,
 Open mercy's door to me,
 Out of mighty tribulation
 Bring me forth, thy face to see;
 O cut short my days of mourning,
 Quickly to my rescue come,
 Let me suddenly returning
 Reach my everlasting home.

- 3 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,
 Banish'd from my native place,
 Languishing for God, and groaning
 To appear before thy face :
 From this bodily oppression
 Set my earnest spirit free,
 Give me now the full possession,
 Let me now thy glory see.
- 4 If thou ever didst discover
 To my faith the promis'd land,
 Bid me now the stream pass over,
 On that heav'nly border stand :
 Now surmount whate'er opposes,
 Into thine embraces fly ;
 Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,
 Bid me to get up and die.

CXXIII.

For one departing.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below :
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go !
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
 Shews the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

M 2.

2 Strug-

- 2 Struggle thro' thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest :
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain,
 Die, to live the life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

CXXIV.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
 For all who feel thy work begun;
 Confirm, and stablish them in grace,
 And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou see'st their wants, thou know'st their
 names:
 Be mindful of thy yongest care;
 Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
 And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
 With rav'ning wolves on ev'ry side;
 Watch over them to tear, and slay,
 If found one moment from their guide.
- 4 Satan his thousand arts assays,
 His agents all their pow'rs employ,
 To blast the blooming work of grace,
 The heav'nly offspring to destroy.

- 5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the dev'lish ill,
O save them from the plague of pride.
- 6 The dreaming, visionary fiend
Unmask, and drag to open light,
And let his wild illusions end,
And chase him to eternal night.
- 7 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure:
And set their feet upon the Rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.
- 8 From idol loves, and vain desires.
O God, thy little children keep,
And fill their hearts with holy fires,
And lull them in thy arms to sleep.
- 9 There let them lie secure, and take
Their rest, and never thence remove,
Till in thy likeness they awake,
The glorious likeness of thy love.

CXXV.

For one in Prison,

- 1 **O** Saviour of sinners distressed,
The sighs of thy captive attend,
And succour, to set him at rest,
And ransom his soul to the end:

M 3

Our

Our brother, whose burthen we bear,
Whom into thy hands we resign,
Preserve with thy tenderest care,
And seal him eternally thine.

- 2 Afflicted, and hated of men,
Of thee, and thy servants belov'd,
We see him with pity and pain,
From all his companions remov'd;
Whom present in spirit we find,
Him absent in body we mourn,
And long to be perfectly join'd,
And pray for his happy return.
- 3 O Father, who hearest the pray'r,
Presented in Jesus's name,
The peaceable answer declare,
Confirm'd in the Blood of the Lamb;
We pray thee, for Jesus's sake,
The pris'ner of Jesus retrieve,
And give us his confessor back,
And all to thy glory receive.

CXXVI.

For the Watch-Night.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear !

Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 The awful hour unknown,
 When rob'd in majesty, and pow'r,
 Thou shalt from heav'n come down ;
 Th' immortal Son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all his glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears,
 Forever let th' archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears
 The solemn midnight-cry,
 " Ye dead, the Judge is come,
 " Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 " And meet your instant doom.

4 O ! may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord :
 O ! may we thus insure
 Our lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment, to secure
 An everlasting rest.

CXXVII.

Another.

- 1 **I** I am the man that have known
Distress by the stroke of his rod:
And still through the anguish I groan,
And pine for the absence of God:
The happy in Jesus may sleep:
But O till in me he appears,
Be this my employment to weep,
And water my couch with my tears.
- 2 Or rather, if any are nigh,
Forlorn, and afflicted like me,
All night let us lift up our cry,
And mourn his appearing to see,
(As watchmen expecting the morn)
Look out for the light of his face,
And wait for his mercy's return,
And long to recover his grace.
- 3 His grace to our souls did appear,
And brought us salvation from sin;
We felt our Emanuel here,
Restoring his kingdom within:
But O! we have lost him again,
His Spirit hath taken its flight,
Our joy it is turn'd into pain,
Our day it is turn'd into night.

4 O what shall we do to retrieve
 The love for a season bestow'd !
 'Tis better to die than to live
 Exil'd from the presence of God :
 With sorrow distracted, and doubt,
 With palpable horror oppress'd,
 The city we wander about,
 And seek our repose in his breast:

5 Ye watchmen of Isr'el, declare
 If ye our Beloved have seen,
 And point to that heavenly fair,
 Surpassing the children of men :
 Our Lover and Lord from above, ;
 Who only can quiet our pain,
 Whom only we languish to love,
 O where shall we find him again !

6 The joy and desire of our eyes,
 The end of our sorrow and woe,
 Our hope, and our heavenly prize,
 Our height of ambition below ;
 Once more if he show us his face,
 He never again will depart,
 Detain'd in our closest embrace,
 Eternally held in our heart.

CXXVIII.

Another.

- 1 **O** JESUS, the rest
Of spirits distress,
In whom all the children of men may be
blest,
The blessing design'd
For the whole of mankind,
Give us in the love of thy Spirit to find.
- 2 For this do we keep
A sad vigil, and weep,
The fruit of our tears that in joy we may
reap;
While sent from above
The comfort we prove,
Th' unspeakable gift of thy ransoming love.
- 3 Our brethren we see
By mercy set free,
They've found the abundant redemption in
thee,
Thy tenders of grace
They gladly embrace,
And tell of thy goodness, and live to thy
praise.
- 4 But still we remain
In bondage and pain,
Unable to bear, or to shake off our chain;

In the furnace we cry,
Come, Lord, from the sky,
Make haste to our help, or in Egypt we die.

5 O Jesus, appear
Thy mourners to chear,
Our grief to assuage, and to banish our fear :
Thy pris'ners release,
Vouchsafe us thy peace,
And our troubles and sins in a moment shall
cease.

6 That moment be now ;
The petition allow,
Our present Redeemer, and Comforter thou ;
The freedom from sin,
Th' atonement bring in,
And sprinkle our conscience, and bid us be
clean.

7 Thy blessing of grace
Now let it take place,
The dew of thy mercy descend on our race ;
Thy Spirit, O God,
Pour out on the croud,
And water us all with a show'r of thy blood !

CXXIX.

Another.

- 1 **H**ARK, how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound,
Stand to your arms ; the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround :
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.
- 2 See on the mountain's top
The ensign of your God,
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All-stain'd with hallow'd blood :
His standard-bearer I
To all the nations call,
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh ;
He bore the cross for all.
- 3 Ye who his call obey,
Behold the banner spread,
To cover in the evil day
His faithful soldier's head :
Be strong in Jesu's might ;
The panoply divine
Put on, beneath his standard fight,
And conquer in this sign.

4 Go up with Christ, your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see,
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory:
All pow'r to him is giv'n,
He ever reigns the same,
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
Are all in Jesu's name.

5 Ye now have took the field,
And fearlessly march on,
Fight the good fight, hold fast your shield,
Till Satan is cast down:
Cast down he soon shall be,
He shall, he shall submit,
Compell'd with all his host to flee
Or bruis'd beneath your feet.

6 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes assail,
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the pow'rs of hell:
From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,
And rule the lower world.

Angels your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible;

N

With

With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try,
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
And spir'its enthron'd on high.

8 On earth th' usurpers reign,
Exert their baleful pow'r,
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour.
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their pow'rs defy?

9 Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight:
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow,
And conqu'ring them thro' Jesus blood,
We still to conquer go.

10 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize;
"Be faithful unto death,
"Partake my victory,
"And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
"And thou shalt reign with me."

11 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
 To ev'ry soldier faith,
 Eternal life is the reward
 Of all victorious faith ;
 Who conquer in his might
 The victor's meed receive,
 And claim a kingdom in his right,
 Which God is bound to give.

12 But let us all abide
 Throughout the glorious war,
 Till ev'ry soul is sanctify'd,
 And more than conqueror ;
 Till ev'ry perfect one
 To heav'nly joys remove,
 And sit with Jesus on his throne
 Of everlasting love.

CXXX.

Innocent Diversions.

COME let us anew
 Our pleasures pursue :
 For christian delight
 The day is too short ; let us borrow the night.
 In sanctify'd joy
 Each moment employ,
 To Jesus's praise,
 And spend and be spent in the triumph of
 grace.

2 The slaves of excess,
 Their senses to please,
 Whole nights can bestow,
 And on in a circle of riot they go:
 Poor prodigals they
 The night into day
 By revellings turn,
 And all the restraints of sobriety scorn.

3 The drunkards proclaim
 At midnight their shame,
 Their sacrifice bring,
 And loud to the praise of their master they
 sing:
 The hellish desires
 Which Satan inspires,
 In sonnets they breathe,
 And shouting descend to the mansions of
 death.

4 The civiller croud,
 In theatres proud,
 Acknowledge his pow'r,
 And satan in nightly assemblies adore:
 To the masque and the ball
 They fly at his call;
 Or in pleasures excel,
 And chaunt in a grove to the harpers of hell.

5 And shall we not sing
 Our Master and King
 While men are at rest,
 With Jesus admitted at midnight to feast?
 Here

Here only we may
 With innocence stay,
 Th' enjoyment improve,
 And abide at the banquet of Jesus's love.

6 In him is bestow'd
 The spiritual food,
 The manna divine,
 And Jesus's love is far better than wine :
 With joy we receive
 The blessing, and give,
 By day and by night,
 All thanks to the Source of our endless delight.

7 Our concert of praise
 To Jesus we raise,
 And all the night long
 Continue the new evangelical song :
 We dance to the same
 Of Jesus's name,
 The joy it imparts
 Is heaven begun in our musical hearts.

8 Thus, thus we bestow
 Our moments below,
 And singing remove,
 With all the redeemed to Sion above :
 There, there shall we stand
 With our harps in our hand,
 Interrupted no more,
 And eternally sing, and rejoice, and adore.

CXXXI.

1 **P**Ris'ners of hope, arise,
 And see your Lord appear;
 Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
 And brings redemption near!
 Redemption in his blood
 He calls you to receive;
 Come unto me, the pard'ning God,
 Believe, he cries, Believe.

2 The reconciling word
 We thankfully embrace,
 Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
 A blood besprinkled race:
 We yield to be set free,
 Thy counsel we approve,
 Salvation, praise ascribe to thee,
 And glory in thy love,

3 Jesus, to thee, we look,
 Till sav'd from sin's remains,
 Reject the imbred tyrant's yoke,
 And cast away his chains:
 Our nature shall no more
 O'er us dominion have;
 By faith we apprehend the pow'r,
 Which shall for ever save.

4 In sure and stedfast hope
 To be redeem'd below,
 On to the holy mountain's top
 We all exulting go:
 We shall the prize receive,
 We shall be all renew'd,
 Regain thine image here, and live
 The sinless life of God.

CXXXII.

On the Death of a Widow.

GIVE glory to Jesus our head,
 With all that encompasses his throne!
 A widow, a widow indeed,
 A mother in Isr'el is gone:
 The winter of trouble is past,
 The storms of affliction are o'er,
 Her struggle is ended at last,
 And sorrow and death are no more.

The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
 And caught him again in the sky,
 Advanc'd to her happy estate,
 And pleasures that never shall die,
 Where glorify'd spirits by sight
 Converse in their holy abode,
 As stars in the firmament bright,
 And pure as the angels of God.

- 3 Inflam'd with seraphical love,
Combin'd in a manner unknown,
Not given in marriage above,
Or given to Jesus alone:
The just, who admitted by grace
That first resurrection attain,
With rapture each other embrace,
And one with the Deity reign.
- 4 O heav'n ! what a triumph is there,
While all in his praises agree,
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see !
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the extasy join)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.
- 5 In loud Hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise,
When lo ! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face !
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear so ineffably great,
But see the whole company faint !
And heaven is found—at his feet !

CXXXIII.

The Marks of Faith.

HOW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiv'n?
 How can my Saviour shew
 My name inscrib'd in heav'n?
 What we ourselves have felt, and seen,
 With confidence we tell,
 And publish to the sons of men
 The signs infallible.

We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath dy'd,
 His unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood apply'd :
 Exults for joy our rising soul,
 Disburthen'd of her load,
 And swells, unutterably full
 Of glory, and of God.

His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath;
 We find within, and dare
 The pointless darts of death :
 Stronger than death, or sin, or hell,
 The mystic pow'r we prove,
 And conqu'rors of the world we dwell
 In heav'n, who dwell in love.

- 4 The pledge of future bliss
 He now to us imparts,
 His gracious Spirit is
 The earnest of our hearts :
We antedate the joys above,
 We taste th' eternal pow'rs,
And know that all those heights of love,
 And all those heav'ns are ours.
- 5 Till he our life reveal,
 We rest in Christ secure :
 His Spirit is the seal,
 Which made our pardon sure :
Our sins his blood hath blotted out,
 And sign'd our soul's release :
And can we of his favour doubt,
 Whose blood declares us his ?
- 6 We by his Spirit prove,
 And know the things of God,
 The things which of his love
 He hath on us bestow'd :
Our God to us his Spirit gave,
 And dwells in us we know,
The witness in ourselves we have,
 Aed all his fruits we shew.
- 7 The meek and lowly heart,
 Which in our Saviour was,
 He doth to us impart,
 And signs us with his cross :

Our nature's course is turn'd, our mind
 Transform'd in all its pow'rs,
 And both the witnesses are join'd
 The Spirit of God with ours.

Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
 Commands, we gladly do,
 And guided by his word,
 We all his steps pursue :
 His glory is our sole design,
 We live our God to please,
 And rise with filial fear divine
 To perfect holiness.

CXXXIV.

COME, let us arise,
 And press to the skies,
 The summons obey,
 My Friend, my Beloved, and hasten away !
 The Master of all
 For our service doth call,
 And deigns to approve,
 With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.

His burthen who bear,
 We alone can declare
 How easy his yoke,
 While to love and good works we each other
 provoke :

Our

By

By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

3 Then let us attend
Our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
With want, or affliction, or sickness oppress
The pris'ner relieve,
The stranger receive,
Supply all their wants,
And spend and be spent in assisting his saints

4 Thus while we bestow
Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:
His passion alone
Th' foundation we own,
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption in Jesus's name.

CXXXV.

1 COME, my partner in the patience
Of our once afflicted King,
Out of all these tribulations
Rise with me his praise to sing:

For that happy day prepare,
 And when our Desire comes down,
 Sure as now his cross we share,
 We shall then obtain his crown.

2 When our lovely Lord appears,
 Folding us in his embrace,
 He shall wipe away the tears,
 Kifs the sorrow from our face :
 Tho' we in continual mourning
 The short night of life employ,
 Joy shall come with Christ returning,
 Heav'nly, everlasting Joy.

3 O what cordial consolation
 Doth this blessed hope afford !
 We shall gain his full salvation,
 We shall meet our smiling Lord :
 We shall soon appear before thee,
 Shall the stars and sun outshine,
 Shout among the sons of glory,
 All immortal, all divine.

Jesus, our exalted Jesus,
 Cloath'd in light, shall bow the sky,
 Shall from all our griefs release us,
 All our wants at once supply :
 Grief, and curse, and death are over,
 Pain and sin no more molest,
 When we once the port recover,
 Land on our Redeemer's breast.

- 5 Shall we there in plaintive passion
Our disastrous lot bewail,
There regret our separation
For a moment in the vale?
Or in Christ again united,
Heart to heart, and soul to soul,
Triumph each in each delighted,
While eternal ages roll?
- 6 For this hope display'd before us
Bear we now the destin'd cross,
Waiting, till our Lord restore us,
Amplify recompense our loss,
Crown our soul's supreme ambition,
Bid us hand in hand ascend,
Rapt into the blissful vision
Of our everlasting Friend,

CXXXVI.

Primitive Christianity.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls who first believ'd,
To Jesus, and each other cleav'd,
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple foll'wers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spake, and thought the
same;

Brake the commemorative brea^d,
And drank the Spirit of their head.

On God they cast their ev'ry care,
Wrestling with God in mighty pray'r,
They claim'd the grace, thro' Jesus giv'n;
By pray'r they shut and open'd heav'n.

To Jesus they perform'd their vows,
A little church in every house;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

Propriety was there unknown,
None call'd what he possess'd his own;
Where all the common blessing share,
No selfish happiness was there.

With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

CXXXVII.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

O 2

2 Up

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our Songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.
- 4 But to thy house I will resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.

CXXXVIII.

PSALM XV.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly
place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clear
Whose lips shall speak the thing they mean

No flanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce he believes an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold :
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face :
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone.
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

CXXXIX.

Part of P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :-
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

CXL.

P S A L M XXIII.

AS the good Shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring flocks to dewy meads,
Where peac'ful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landskip flow.

So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps controul :
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He leads me back to virtuous ways.

Tho' I should journey thro' the plains,
Where death in all its horror reigns ;
My stedfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, O Lord, art with me there.

By thee with peace and plenty blest,
My life is one continued feast :
Thy ever-watchful Providence
Is my support and my defence.

O bounteous God, my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in thy house thy sacred name
And wond'rous grace shall be my theme. —

Praise God from whom pure blessings flow,
Whose bowels yearn on all below ;
Who would not have one sinner lost :
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

CXLI.

CXLI.

P S A L M CIV.

- 1 **D**O thou, my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise;
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame;
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
- 2 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 Before his throne a glittering band
Of seraphims and angels stand;
Ætherial spirits, who in flight
Outwing the active rays of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes it birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth:
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And stor'd it with the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence and wisdom shines;
His works thro' all his wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise thy breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

CXLII.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **C**OULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service, and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 3 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading vail of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The vail of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 6 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Nor death can hide what God can spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

- 7 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

CXLIII.

P S A L M CXLV.

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How swift are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But saints who taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

- 6 Long as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

CXLIV.

Thanksgiving for God's particular
Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.

- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When

- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 10 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 11 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 12 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CXLV.

PSALM xlii. 2.

- 1 **W**HILE I am banish'd from thy house,
I mou in secret, Lord :
“ When shall I come and pay my vows,
“ And hear thy holy word ? ”
- 2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my soul would groan,
“ When shall I wing my heav'nly way,
“ And stand before thy throne ? ”
- 3 I love to see my Lord below,
His church displays his grace ;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
- 4 I love to worship at his feet,
Tho' sin assaults me there ;
But saints exalted near his seat
Have no assaults to fear.
- 5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court,
And taste his heav'nly love ;
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.
- 6 He shines, and I am all delight ;
He hides, and all is pain :
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again ?

P

CXLVI.

CXLVI.

R E V. xxii. 17,

- 1 **T**H E church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear,
The saints in an agony wait
To see him again in the air;
The Spirit invites in the bride
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her enthron'd at his side
In glory that never shall end.
- 2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry,
O Jesus, in triumph appear,
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
With fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home.
- 3 The thirsty are call'd to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see:
And drawn by the pow'r of his word,
The promise, I know, is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of love,
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold thee above.

Thy call I exult to obey,
 And come in the spirit of pray'r,
 Thy joy in that happiest day,
 Thy kingdom of glory to share;
 To drink the pure river of bliss,
 With life everlasting o'erflow'd,
 Implung'd in the chrystal abyss,
 And lost in an ocean of God!

A fountain of life and of grace
 In Christ our Redeemer we see;
 For us who his offers embrace,
 For all it is open and free!
 Jehovah himself doth invite
 To drink of his pleasures unknown,
 The streams of immortal delight,
 That flow from his heavenly throne.

As soon as in him we believe,
 By faith of his Spirit we take,
 And freely forgiven, receive
 The mercy for Jesus's sake;
 We gain a pure drop of his love,
 The life of eternity know,
 Angelical happiness prove,
 And witness an heaven below.

CXLVII.

JOB xxix. 25.

- 1 **T**HOU Man of affliction and love,
All pow'r and dominion is thine:
Thy throne is establish'd above,
Thy throne upon earth is divine:
Thy word with authority give,
Prescribe to thy people their way;
Thy law we attend to receive,
And cheerfully bow to thy sway.
- 2 Thy sway among men to maintain,
Compassion and righteousness meet;
Thy reign is a peaceable reign,
Thy seat is a merciful seat!
Great King in an army of saints,
The Friend of affliction thou art,
The life of a sinner that faints,
The joy of my comforted heart.

CXLVIII.

CANT. i. 2.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy precious love I need,
The church's Husband and her Head,
To me thy love impart;
I wait the reconciling kiss,
Which seals in purity and peace
My pardon on my heart.

- 2 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
Those blessed lips, replete with grace,
To my poor soul apply ;
Ten thousand thousand kisses give,
And let me in thy favour live,
And in thy favour die.

CXLIX.

CANT. iii. 3.

- 1 **O** What shall I do to retrieve
The love for a season bestow'd ?
'Tis better to die, than to live
Exil'd from the presence of God :
With sorrow distracted and doubt,
With palpable horror oppress'd,
The city I wander about,
And seek my repose in his breast.

- 2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
If ye my Beloved have seen,
And point to that heavenly Fair,
Surpassing the children of men :
My Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I languish to love,
O where shall I find him again !

- 3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,
The end of my sorrow and woe,
My hope, and my heavenly prize,
My height of ambition below,
Once more if he shew me his face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in my closest embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

CL.

CANT. v. 8.

YE daughters of Sion, declare
(When ye my beloved have found)
My burthen of sorrow and care.
My painful, incurable wound !
Ah, tell him, it cannot be heal'd,
Till Jesus appear from above ;
I faint for his mercy reveal'd,
I die for a taste of his love !

CLI.

Is A. xxxiii. 17.

I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love :

I languish

I languish and die to be there
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode :
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God !

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken his word),
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord:
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

CLII.

Is A. xxxiii. 24.

HOW happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give,
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

CLIII.

Is A. xliii. 3.

1 **T**HOU wilt not crush the poor and
weak,

Thy tender heart can never bear
A reed already bruis'd to break,
To plunge the fearful in despair,
Or aggravate a sinner's load,
Or quench his faintest spark of good.

2 Rather thy loving Spirit divine
Shall raise the smoak into a flame,
Support this trembling soul of mine,
Till strong I out of weakness am,
And as a spreading cedar rise,
Meet for the garden of the skies.

3 Bear with me then, most patient Lord,
(This smoaking flax, this bruised reed)
Accomplishing thy faithful word,
The heav'nly light, the hidden seed,
Bring forth, throughout my life to shine,
And prove thy righteousness divine.

SACRAMENT HYMNS.

CLIV.

O Thou eternal Victim slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By th' eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead,
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

Thy off'ring still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue,
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same,
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

O that our faith may never move
But stand unshaken as thy love,
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, Who dies for me, for me.

CLV.

1 **A**H give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn,
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony,
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my sorrows with thy blood.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And look upon the piteous sight !
O that with Salem's daughters I
Might stand and see my Saviour die,
Smite on my breast and inly mourn,
But never from thy cross return !

CLVI.

1 **D**YING Friend of sinners, hear us
Humbly at thy cross who lie,
In thine ordinance be near us,
Now th' ungodly justify ;
Let thy bowels of compassion
To thy ransom'd creatures move,
Shew us all thy great salvation,
God of truth, and God of love.

- 2 By thy meritorious dying
Save us from this death of sin,
By thy precious blood applying
Make our inmost nature clean;
Give us worthily t' adore thee,
Thou our full Redeemer be,
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
Peace, and pow'r, and heav'n in thee.

CLVII.

- 1 **C**OME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to ev'ry thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his suff'rings for mankind;
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal his great salvation,
Preach his gospel to our heart.
- 2 Come, thou witness of his dying,
Come, Remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy pow'r applying
Christ to ev'ry soul and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierc'd and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

CLVIII.

- 1 **L** IF T your eyes of faith, and look
On the signs he did ordain !
Thus the Bread of life was broke,
Thus the Lamb of God was slain !
Thus was shed on Calvary
His last drop of blood for me !
- 2 See the slaughter'd Sacrifice,
See the altar stain'd with blood !
Crucify'd before our eyes
Faith discerns the dying God ;
Dying that our souls might live,
Gasping at his death, Forgive !

CLIX.

- 1 **L** A M B of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind.
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry struggling soul release :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away ;

Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release :
O remember, &c.

3 Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The sinners pardon seal,
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree
Let all our griefs and troubles cease :
O remember, &c.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give :
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till perfected in holiness :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CLX.

GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find :
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue ;
Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

Q

2 Never

- 2 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Jesus show'd ;
See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
And crush'd beneath our load !
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heav'nly birth declare !
Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'tis he,
My God that suffers there.
- 3 Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan.
Lo ! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes ;
Nature in convulsions lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies !
- 4 O God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
See him hanging on the tree—
A sight that breaks my heart !
O that all to thee might turn !
Sinners, ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

CLXI.

1 **J**ESU, dear, redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying Word,
In thy ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that hast for sinners dy'd,
Shew thyself the crucify'd!

4 All the pow'r of sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

CLXII.

1 **L**ORD of life, thy foll'wers see
Hungring, thirsting after thee,
At thy sacred table feed,
Nourish us with living Bread.

2 Cheer us with immortal Wine,
Heav'nly Sustenance divine.
Grant us now a fresh supply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

Q 2

CLXIII.

CLXIII.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, and can it be
That thou shouldst dwell with me?
From thy high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss,
Will thy Majesty stoop down
To so mean an house as this?
- 2 I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, so self-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart :
I am a frail sinful man,
All my nature cries, depart !
- 3 Yet come, thou heav'nly Guest,
And purify my breast.
Come, thou great and glorious King,
While before thy cross I bow,
With thyself salvation bring,
Cleanse the house by ent'ring now.

CLXIV.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want,
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest

- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unfustain'd by thee I fall
Send the strength for which I call ;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end,
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

CLXV.

1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came ;
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

CLXVI.

- 1 **O** GOD of truth and love,
Let us thy mercy prove :
Bless thine ordinance divine,
Let it now effectual be,
Answer all its great design,
All its gracious ends in me.
- 2 O might thy sacred word
Set forth our dying Lord,
Point us to thy sufferings past,
Present grace and strength impart,
Give to our ravish'd souls a taste,
Pledge of Glory in our heart.
- 3 Come in thy Spirit down,
Thine institution crown,
Lamb of God as slain appear,
Life of all believers thou,
Let us now perceive thee near,
Come, thou hope of glory, now.

CLXVII.

1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie,
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me !

2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin,
But I an helpless sin-sick soul
Still lie expiring at the pool.

In vain I take the broken bread,
I cannot on thy mercy feed :
In vain I drink the hallow'd wine,
I cannot taste the love divine.

Angel and Son of God, come down,
Thy sacramental banquet crown,
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

Thou see'st me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st, I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

Break to me now the hallow'd bread,
And bid me on thy body feed,
Give me the wine, Almighty God,
And let me drink thy precious blood.

7 Surely

Surely if thou the symbols blest,
The cov'nant blood shall seal my peace,
Thy flesh e'en now shall be my food,
And all my soul be fill'd with God.

CLXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, if now thou passest by us,
Stand and call us unto thee,
Freely, fully justify us,
Give us eyes thy love to see,
Love that brought thee down from heaven,
Made our God a man of grief;
Let it shew our sins forgiven;
Help, O help our unbelief.
- 2 Long we for thy love have waited,
Begging sat by the way side,
Still we are not new-created,
Are not wholly sanctify'd :
Thou to some in great compassion
Hast in part their sight restor'd,
Shew us all thy full salvation,
Make the servants as their Lord.

CLXIX.

AND shall I let him go?
If now I do not feel
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well?

2 Because he hides his face,
Shall I no longer stay,
But leave the channels of his grace,
And cast the means away ?

3 Get thee behind me, fiend,
On others try thy skill,
Here let thy hellish whispers end,
To thee I say, Be still !

Jesus hath spoke the word,
His will my reason is,
Do this in mem'ry of thy Lord,
Jesus hath said, " Do this ! "

He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine ;
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than thine.

I chearfully comply
With what my Lord doth say,
Let others ask a reason why,
My glory is t' obey.

His will is good and just :
Shall I his will withstand ?
Jesus bids me lick the dust,
I bow at his command :

Because he saith, " Do this ; "
This I will always do,
All Jesus comes in glorious bliss
Thus his death will shew.

CLXX.

- 1 **A** H give us, Saviour, to partake
The suff'rings which this emblem
shews,
Thy flesh our food immortal make,
Thy blood which in this channel flows
In all its benefits impart,
And sanctify our sprinkled heart.
- 2 For all that joy which now we taste
Our happy hallow'd-souls prepare,
O let us hold the earnest fast,
This pledge that we thy heav'n shall
share,
Shall drink it new with thee above,
The wine of thy eternal love.

CLXXI.

- 1 **A** N D can we call to mind
The Lamb for sinners slain,
And not expect to find
What he for us did gain,
What God to us in him hath giv'n,
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n?

- 2 We now forgiveness have,
We feel his work begun,
And he shall fully save,
And perfect us in one,
Shall soon in all his image drest
Receive us to the marriage-feast.
- 3 This token of thy love
We thankfully receive,
And hence with joy remove
With thee in heav'n to live,
There, Lord, we shall thy pledge restore,
And live to praise thee evermore.

CLXXII.

- 1 **A**LL praise to the Lord,
All praise is his due,
To-day is his word
Of promise found true ;
We, we are the nation
Presented to God,
Well-pleasing oblations
Thro' Jesus's blood.

- 2 Poor Heathens from far
To Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are
To God thro' his name,
To God thro' the Spirit
Ourselves do we give,
And sav'd by the merit
Of Jesus we live.

CLXXIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let the sinner go,
 The Lamb did once atone,
 Lo! we to thy justice shew
 The passion of thy Son ;
 Thus to thee we set it forth :
 He the dying precept gave,
 He that hath sufficient worth
 A thousand worlds to save.
- 2 Can thy justice aught reply
 To our prevailing plea ?
 Jesus dy'd the grace to buy
 For all mankind, and me ;
 Still before thy righteous throne
 Stands the Lamb as newly slain :
 Canst thou turn away thy Son,
 Or let him bleed in vain ?
- 3 Still the wounds are open wide,
 The blood doth freely flow,
 As when first his sacred side
 Receiv'd the deadly blow :
 Still, O God, the blood is warm,
 Cover'd with the blood we are ;
 Find a part it doth not arm,
 And strike the sinner there !

CLXXIV.

COME, thou Spirit of contrition,
Fill our souls with tenders fears;
Conscious of our lost condition,
Melt us into gracious tears :
Just and holy detestation
Of our bosom sins impart,
Sins that caus'd our Saviour's passion,
Sins that stabb'd him to the heart.

Fill our flesh with killing anguish,
All our members crucify,
Let th' offending nature languish
Till on Jesu's cross it die;
All our sins to death deliver,
Let not one, not one survive;
Then we live to God for ever,
Then in heav'n on earth we live.

CLXXV.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

R.

2 Vilest

- 2 Vilest of the fallen race,
 Lo! I answer to thy call,
 Meanest vessel of thy grace,
 (Grace divinely free for all)
 Lo! I come to do thy will,
 All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive:
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers,
 Take my memory, mind, and will,
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think, and speak, and do;
 Take my heart—but make it new.
- 5 Now, O God, thy own I am,
 Now I give thee back thy own,
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone;
 Thine I live, thrice happy I;
 Happier still, for thine I die.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

CLXXVI.

1 **A** L L glory and praise
To Jesus our Lord !
His ransoming grace
We gladly record :
His bloody oblation
And death on the tree,
Hath purchas'd salvation
And heaven for me.

2 The Saviour hath dy'd
For me and for you,
The blood is apply'd,
The record is true ;
The Spirit bears witness,
And speaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitness
For living with God.

FESTIVAL HYMNS.

CLXXVII.

CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **Y**E simple men of heart sincere,
Shepherds who watch your flocks by
night,
Start not to see an angel near,
Nor tremble at this glorious light.
- 2 An herald from the heav'nly King
I come your ev'ry fear to chase;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy to all the fallen race!
- 3 To you is born on this glad day
A Saviour by our host ador'd,
Our God, in Bethlehem survey,
Make haste to worship Christ the Lord.
- 4 By this blest Saviour of mankind
Th' incarnate God shall be display'd,
The babe ye wrapp'd in swathes shall find,
And humbly in a manger laid.

CLXXVIII.

- 1 **J** O I N all ye joyful nations
 Th' acclaiming hosts of heaven!
 This happy morn
 A child is born,
 To us a Son is given.
- 2 The messenger and token
 Of God's eternal favour,
 God hath sent down
 To us his Son,
 An universal Saviour!
- 3 The wonderful Messias,
 The joy of ev'ry nation,
 Jesus his name,
 With God the same,
 The Lord of all creation:
- 4 The counsellor of sinners,
 Almighty to deliver,
 The prince of peace,
 Whose love's increase
 Shall reign in man for ever.
- 5 Go see the King of glory,
 Discern the heav'nly stranger,
 So poor and mean
 His court an inn,
 His cradle is a manger.

R 3

6 Who

- 6 Who from his Father's bosom
But now for us descended,
Who built the skies,
On earth he lies,
With only beasts attended.
- 7 Who all the angels worship,
Lies hid in human nature ;
Incarnate see
The Deity,
The infinite Creator.
- 8 See the stupendous blessing
Which God to us hath given !
A child of man,
In length a span,
Who fills both earth and heaven.
- 9 Gaze on that helpless object
Of endless adoration !
Those infant-hands
Shall burst our bands,
And work out our salvation :
- 10 Strangle the crooked serpent,
Destroy his works for ever,
And open set
The heav'nly gate,
To ev'ry true believer.
- 11 Till then, thou holy Jesus,
We humbly bow before thee,
Our treasures bring,
To serve our King,
And joyfully adore thee.
- 12 To

- 12 To thee we gladly render
Whate'er thy grace hath given,
Till thou appear
In glory here,
And take us up to heaven.

CLXXIX.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God,
And peace upon earth,
Be publish'd abroad
At Jesus's birth;
The forfeited favour
Of heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour
And Friend of mankind.

- 2 Then let us behold
Messias the Lord,
By prophets foretold,
By angels ador'd;
Our God's incarnation
With angels proclaim,
And publish salvation
In Jesus's name.

- 3 Our newly-born King
By faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing
His goodness to men;
That all men may wonder
At what we impart,
And thankfully ponder
His love in their heart.

- 4 What mov'd the Most High
So greatly to stoop?
He comes from the sky
Our souls to lift up;
That sinners forgiven
Might sinless return
To God and to heaven;
'Their Maker is born.

CLXXX.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears;
The Godhead appears
In Christ reconcil'd,
The Father of mercies in Jesus the child.
- 2 He comes from above,
In manifest love,
Th' desire of our eyes,
The meek Lamb of God in a manger he lies.
- 3 At Immanuel's birth
What a triumph on earth!
Yet could it afford
No better a place for its heavenly Lord.
- 4 The Ancient of days,
To redeem a lost race,
From his glory comes down,
Self-humbled to carry us up to a crown;

- 5 Made flesh for our sake,
That we might partake
The nature divine,
And again in his image, his holiness shine ;
- 6 An heavenly birth
Experience on earth,
And rise to his throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.
- 7 Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The tidings they bring,
Who publish to sinners their Saviour and king.
- 8 And while we are here,
Our King shall appear,
His Spirit impart,
And form his full image of love in our heart.

CLXXXI.

- 1 **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bless thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son !
The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

- 2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare,

That

That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are,
Salvation thro' his name
To all mankind is giv'n,
And loud his infant-cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end :
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend,
Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his Spir't may gain,
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart :
Chang'd in a moment we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increase !
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
And take us all to God !

CLXXXII.

C O M E, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our sins and fears relieve us,
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone,
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CLXXXIII.

A L L glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd !
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord :
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
When thou in our flesh didst appear ;
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;

Arose

Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was open on earth :
 Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The Giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in thy Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own
 A kingdom that never shall end !
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know,
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below :
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarm of fierce war
 Shall break our eternal repose,
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

CLXXXIV.

New-year's-Day.

1 **W**ISDOM ascribe, and might, and
praise,

To God, who lengthens out our days,
Who spares us yet another year,
And lets us see his goodness here ;
Happy and wise, the time redeem,
And live, my friends, and die to him.

2 How often, when his arm was bar'd,
Hath he our sinful Isr'el spar'd !
" Let them alone," his mercy cry'd,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside ;
Indulg'd another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Laid to the root with conscious awe,
But now the threat'ning ax we saw,
We saw when Jesus stept between,
To part the punishment and sin,
He pleaded for the blood-bought race,
And God vouchsaf'd a longer space !

Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd,
We trembled, while the Remnant pray'd :
The Father hear'd his Spirit groan,
And answer'd mild, It is my Son !
He let the pray'r of faith prevail,
And mercy turn'd the hov'ring scale.

S

5 Merciful

- 5 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone,
Our lives shall make thy goodness known,
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.
- 6 I, and my house will serve the Lord,
Led by the Spirit, and the word ;
We plight our faith, assembled here,
To serve our God th' ensuing year,
And vow, when time shall be no more,
Thro' all eternity t' adore.

CLXXXV.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return'd, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace,
And sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal home.

CLXXXVII.

- 1 **A** L L praise to the Lord
Whose trumpet we hear,
Which speaks in his word
The festival year :
The loud proclamation
Of freedom from thrall,
And gospel-salvation
Is publish'd to all.
- 2 The year of release
Ev'n now is begun,
And pardon and peace
With Jesus sent down :
Eternal redemption
Thro' him we obtainn
And present exemption
From passionate pain.
- 3 Ye spirits enslav'd,
Your liberty claim ;
Believe, and be sav'd
Thro' Jesus's name :
That infinite Lover
Of sinners embrace,
And gladly recover
His forfeit grace,

- 4 With joyful left news
Your prisons resound,
Your fetters are oose,
Your souls are unbound :
Resume the possession
For which ye were born,
From satan's oppression
To heaven return.

CLXXXVII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And scares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet deth he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

- 3 When Justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it still alone !
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space,
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound,
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

CLXXXVIII.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise!
 All praise to him belongs,
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs:
 Whose providence hath brought us thro'
 Another various year,
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still-continued care,
 To thee presenting thro' thy Son
 Whate'er we have, or are;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.

- 3 Our residue of days and hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
And all our consecrated pow'rs
A sacrifice to thee :
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiv'n,
And brings the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

CLXXXIX.

EASTER.

- 1 SINNERS, dismiss your fear,
The joyful tidings hear !
This the word that Jesus said,
O believe, and feel it true,
Christ is risen from the dead,
Lives the Lord who dy'd for you !
- 2 Haste to his tomb repair,
And see the token there ;
See the place where Jesus lay,
Mark the burial-clothes he wore :
Angels near his relics stay,
Guards of him who dies no more.
- 3 Why then art thou cast down,
Thou poor afflicted-one ?
Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
Look into that open grave !
Dy'd he not to dry thy tears !
Rose he not thy soul to save ?

- 4 Know'st thou not where to find
 The Saviour of mankind !
 He hath borne himself away,
 He from death himself hath freed,
 He on the third glorious day
 Rose triumphant from the dead.
- 5 To purge thy guilty stain.
 He dy'd, and rose again :
 Wherefore dost thou weep and mourn ?
 Sinner, lift thine heart and eye,
 Turn thee, to thy Jesus turn,
 See thy loving Saviour nigh.
- 6 He comes, his own to claim,
 He calls thee by thy name :
 Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,
 See him there to life restor'd !
 Mary—know thy Saviour's voice,
 Hear it, and reply, My Lord !

CXC.

- 1 **H**APPY Magdalene, to whom
 Christ the Lord vouchsaf'd t' appear
 Newly risen from the tomb,
 Would he first be seen by her ?
 Her by seven devils possess'd,
 Till his word the fiends expell'd ;
 Quench'd the hell within her breast,
 Teach the teachers of mankind.

- 2 Yes, to her the Master came,
First his welcome voice she hears:
Jesus calls her by her name,
He the weeping sinner cheers,
Lets her the dear task repeat,
While her eyes again run o'er,
Lets her wash his bleeding feet,
Kiss them; and with joy adore.
- 3 Highly-favour'd soul ! to her
Farther still his grace extends,
Raises the glad messenger,
Sends her to his drooping friends:
Tidings of their living Lord
First in her report they find:
She must spread the gospel word,
All her sins and sickness heal'd.
- 4 Who can now presume to fear ?
Who despair his Lord to see ?
Jesus, wilt thou not appear,
Shew thyself alive to me ?
Yes, my God, I dare not doubt,
Thou shalt all my sins remove;
Thou hast cast a legion out,
Thou wilt perfect me in love.
- 5 Surely thou hast call'd me now !
Now I hear the voice divine,
At thy wounded feet I bow,
Wounded for whose sins but mine !
I have

I have nail'd him to the tree,
 I have sent him to the grave !
 But the Lord is ris'n for me,
 Hold of him by faith I have.

- 6 Here for ever would I lie,
 Didst thou not thy servant raise ?
 Send me forth to testify
 All the wonders of thy grace.
 Lo ! I at thy bidding go,
 Gladly to thy foll'wers tell
 They their rising God may know,
 They the life of Christ may feel.
- 7 Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,
 (Such he you vouchsafes to call)
 O believe the gospel-word,
 Christ hath dy'd, and rose for all :
 Turn ye from your sins to God,
 Haste to Galilee, and see,
 Him, who bought thee with his blood,
 Him, who rose to live in thee.

CXCI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the rising Lord of all,
 His love to man commends,
 Poor worms he blushes not to call
 His brethren and his friends.
- 2 Who basely all forsook their Lord
 In his distress, and fled,
 To these he sends the joyful word,
 When risen from the dead.

- 3 Go tell the vile deserters !—No :
 My dearest brethren tell,
 Their Advocate to heav'n I go,
 To rescue them from hell.
- 4 Lo ! to my Father I ascend ;
 Your Father now is he,
 My God, and yours, who're depend
 For endless life on me.
- 5 Henceforth I ever live-above
 For you to intercede,
 The merit of my dying love,
 For all mankind to plead.
- 6 Sinners, I rose again to shew
 Your sins are all forgiv'n,
 And mount above the skies, that you
 May follow me to heav'n,

CXCII.

COME then, thou Prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great interpreter divine,
 Explain thine own transmitted word ;
 To teach, and to inspire is thine.
 Thou only canst thyself reveal,
 Open the book, and loose the seal.

Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke
 Concerning thee, O Christ, make known,
 Sole subject of the sacred book,
 Thou fillest all, and thou alone ;

Yet

Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
Unless thy Spirit lends the key.

3 Now, Jesu, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darken'd heart;
Unfold the wonders of thy love,
The knowledge of thyself impart;
Our ear, our inmost soul we bow;
Speak, Lord; thy servants hearken now.

4 Make not as thou would'st father go,
Our Friend, and Counsellor, and Guide,
But stay, the path of life to shew,
Still with our souls vouchsafe t' abide,
Constrain'd by thy own mercies, stay,
Nor leave us at our close of day.

5 Come in, with thy disciples sit,
Nor suffer us to ask in vain,
Nourish us, Lord, with living meat,
Our souls with heav'nly bread sustain;
Break to us now the mystic bread,
And bid us on thy body feed.

6 Honour the means ordain'd by thee,
The great unbloody sacrifice,
The deep tremendous mystery;
Thyself in our enlighten'd eyes
Now in the broken bread make known,
And shew us thou art all our own.

CXCIIL.

- 1 **J**ESU, shew us thy salvation,
 (In thy strength, we strive with thee)
 By thy mystic incarnation,
 By thy pure nativity,
 Save us, thou, our New-Creator,
 Into all our souls impart
 Thy divine, unfinning nature,
 Form thyself within our heart.
- 2 By thy first blood-shedding heal us;
 Cut us off from ev'ry sin,
 By thy circumcision seal us,
 Write thy law of love within;
 By thy Spirit circumcise us,
 Kindle in our hearts a flame;
 By thy baptism now baptize us
 Into all thy glorious name.
- 3 By thy fasting and temptation
 Mortify our vain desires,
 Take away what sense or passion,
 Appetite or flesh requires:
 Arm us with thy self-denial,
 Ev'ry tempted soul defend,
 Save us in the fiery trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.

T

4 By

- 4 By thy forer suff'rings save us,
Save us when conform'd to thee,
By thy miseries relieve us,
By thy painful agony ;
When beneath thy frown we languish,
When we feel thine anger's weight,
Save us by thine unknown anguish,
Save us by thy bloody sweat.
- 5 By that highest point of passion,
By thy suff'ring on the tree,
Save us from the indignation
Due to all mankind, and me :
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gasping out thy latest breath,
By thy precious death's applying
Save us from eternal death.
- 6 From the world of care release us,
By thy decent burial save,
Crucify'd with thee, O Jesus,
Hide us in thy quiet grave :
By thy pow'r divinely glorious,
By thy resurrection's pow'r,
Raise us up, o'er sin victorious,
Raise us up to fall no more.
- 7 By the pomp of thine ascending,
Live we here to heav'n restor'd,
Live in pleasures never ending,
Share the portion of our Lord :

Let us have our conversation
With the blessed spirits above,
Sav'd with all thy great salvation,
Perfectly renew'd in love.

8 Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,
High enthron'd above all height,
We have now thro' thee found favour,
Righteous in thy Father's sight :
Hears he not thy pray'r unceasing ?
Can he turn away thy face ?
Send us down the purchas'd blessing,
Fulness of the gospel-grace.

9 By the coming of thy Spirit,
As a mighty rushing wind,
Save us into all thy merit,
Into all thy sinless mind :
Let the perfect gift be given,
Let thy will in us be seen,
Done in earth as 'tis in heaven :
Lord, thy Spirit cries Amen !

CXCIV.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice,
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

CXCV.

- 1 **O** JESUS, our King,
Thy glory we sing,
Thy rising declare,
And join in the pomp, and the benefit share.
- 2 Thy conquest we feel
O'er death and o'er hell,
Redeem'd from the grave,
We're bold to proclaim thee almighty to save.
- 3 We know that our Head
Is risen indeed,
Thy record receive,
And rais'd by the pow'r of thy Spirit do live.
- 4 Thy Spirit attests
The truth in our breasts,
Thy witness imparts
The first resurrection of faith to our hearts.
- 5 Thou'lt conquer'd beneath
The sharpness of death,
Our souls to retrieve,
And open the kingdom to all that believe.
- 6 Believing on thee,
We rise from the tree,
And heavenward move,
And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy
love.

- 7 Thy love that o'ercame
Our sorrow and shame,
And ransom'd our race,
And sent thee to God to prepare us a place ;
- 8 Follow after, it cries,
To your place in the skies,
By Immanuel led,
Follow after, and suffer, and reign with
your head.

CXCVI.

- 1 **B**REAK forth into praise !
Our Surety and Head,
His members to raise,
Hath rose from the dead :
The pow'r of his Spirit
Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we by his merit
May all be restor'd.

- 2 Our Captain and King
With shouts we proclaim,
And joyfully sing
The wonderful name ;
The name all victorious
We publish, and feel,
Triumphantly glorious
O'er sin, earth, and hell.

3 The pow'r of his rise
 We know and declare,
 And, rapt to the skies,
 His happiness share;
 In heavenly places
 With Jesus we sit,
 And Jesus's praises
 With angels repeat.

4 We sing of his love
 While sojourning here,
 Till Christ from above
 Our Saviour appear;
 The heirs of salvation
 With triumph receive,
 In full consummation
 Of glory to live.

CXCVII.

1 **C**HRIST, our living Head, draw near,
 At our call,
 Quicken all
 Thy true members here.

2 Fill'd with faith's eternal Spirit,
 Grant that we,
 Dead with thee,
 May thy life inherit.

3 All thy resurrection's pow'r,
 All thy love,
 From above,
 On thy servants show'r.

4 Perfect

- 4 Perfect love ! we long t' attain it,
Foll'wing fast,
If at last
We, ev'n we may gain it.
- 5 Partners of thy death and passion,
O that we
All might see
All thy great salvation.
- 6 Sav'd beyond the dread of falling,
Let us rise
To the prize
Of our glorious calling,
- 7 Children of the resurrection,
Lead us on
To the crown
Of our full perfection.
- 8 There, where thou art gone before us,
Christ, our hope,
Take us up,
To thy heav'n restore us.

CXCVIII.

Ascension-Day.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates,
T' admit your King again !
Return'd from earth, he waits
With half his angel-train :
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.

2 Instinct with living pow'rs,
The huge portcullis raise ;
Ye everlasting doors,
Disclose the holiest place :
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.

3 He comes, he comes from far,
The strong and mighty Lord,
Mighty and strong in war,
To claim his just reward :
Wide open throw, &c.

4 The Lord of hosts is he,
Th' omnipotent I AM,
Glorious in majesty,
Jehovah is his name :
Wide open throw, &c.

5 Jehovah, Jesus, Lord
Of earth and heav'n, receive,
Who comes, that man restor'd
With God again may live :
Wide open throw, &c.

6 Forerunner of mankind,
For us he reigns on high,
Till all his members join'd
Repeat the joyful cry,
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
Receive the sons of glory in.

CXCIX.

1 **G**OD is gone up on high
 With a triumphant noise,
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim th' angelic joys !
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
 For us he reigns above :
 Let all the nations know
 Our Jesu's conqu'ring love !
 Join all on earth, &c.

3 All pow'r to our great Lord
 Is by his Father giv'n ;
 By angel-hoſts ador'd,
 He reigns ſupreme in heav'n :
 Join all on earth, &c.

4 High on his holy ſeat,
 He bears the righteous ſway,
 His foes beneath his feet
 Shall ſink and die away :
 Join all on earth, &c.

5 His foes and curs are one,
 Satan, the world, and ſin ;
 But he ſhall tread them down,
 And bring his kingdom in :
 Join all on earth, &c.

6 'Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join :
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

CC.

I JESUS, we long to know thy name,
To-day, as yesterday the same
Our Lord and Saviour be,
That comfort of the troubled heart,
The gift unspeakable impart,
That faith which is in thee.

2 Surely we do in God believe ;
Yet O ! we still must fear and grieve
Till thou the secret tell.
The end of thy departure shew,
The heav'n-insuring faith bestow,
And all thy love reveal.

Us by thy Spirit certify,
That we, e'en we, shall in the sky
Our happy mansions find,
There in thy Father's house above,
Celestial thrones of glorious love
For us, and all mankind.

- 4 Art thou not our forerunner gone
To claim the kingdom for thine own,
Thro' thee to all men giv'n :
To challenge and prepare a place
For us, and ev'ry child of grace
And write our names in heav'n ?
- 5 Yes, thou art surely gone before ;
We see thee, Lord, on earth no more,
And for thy absence mourn ;
But lo ! we on thy word depend ;
Our griefs and miseries to end,
Thou wilt at last return.
- 6 Soon as thou hast our place prepar'd,
And made us meet for our reward,
Thou wilt come back again ;
Wilt to thyself our souls receive,
With thee eternally to live,
Eternally to reign.

CCI.

- 1 **S** Inners, rejoice ; your peace is made,
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled
Your God, in Jesus reconcil'd,
On all his works again hath smil'd ;
Hath grace thro' him and blessing giv'n
To all in earth and all in heav'n.

- 2 Angels, rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favour'd race,
The blood that did for us atone
Confer'd on you some gift unknown,
Your joys thro' Jesu's pains abound,
Ye triumph by his glorious wound.
- 3 Or stablish'd and confirm'd by him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure ye keep your blest estate
Firm on an everlasting seat,
Or rais'd above yourselves, aspire,
In blis improv'd, in glory high'r.
- 4 Him ye beheld our conqu'ring God,
Return'd with garments roll'd in blood !
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,
With loudest Hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.
- 5 Ye saw him in the courts above
With all his recent prints of love :
The wounds, the blood ! ye heard its voice
That heighten'd all your highest joys ;
Ye felt it sprinkled thro' the skies,
And shar'd that better sacrifice.
- 6 But who of all your hosts can tell
The mystic blis unspeakable,
The joy that issu'd from his side,
And how the pure is purify'd,
The grace supreme by Jesus giv'n,
When heav'n itself was double heav'n !

- 7 Nor angel-tongues can e'er express
Th' unutterable happiness,
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss wherein thro' Christ ye live,
But all your heav'n, ye glorious pow'rs,
And all your God is doubly ours!

CCII.

Whitsuntide.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, in pity hear us,
O return,
While we mourn,
By thy Spirit cheer us.
- 2 Swallow'd up in sin and sadness,
O relieve
Us that grieve,
Turn our grief to gladness.
- 3 Send the Comforter to raise us,
Let us see
God in thee
Merciful and gracious.
- 4 Him the purchase of thy passion
O impart,
Cleanse our heart
By his inspiration.

5 By the earnest of the Spirit

Let us know

Heav'n below,

Heav'n above inherit.

6 Perfect when we walk before thee,

Fill'd with love

Then remove

To our thrones of glory.

CCIII.

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home,
From thine high and holy place
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift
And wait the heav'nly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyself the Comforter.

3 No gift or comfort we
Would have distinct from thee,
Spirit, principle of grace,
Sum of our desires thou art,
Fill us with thy holiness,
Breathe thyself into our heart.

U 2

4 Our

4 Our ruin'd souls repair,
 And fix thy mansion there,
 Claim us for thy constant shrine,
 All thy glorious Self reveal,
 Life, and pow'r, and love divine,
 God in us for ever dwell.

CCIV.

1 **S**INNERS, lift up your hearts,
 The promise to receive !
 Jesus himself imparts,
 He comes in man to live ;
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n ;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.

2 Jesus is glorify'd,
 And gives the Comforter,
 His spirit to reside
 In all his members here ;
 The Holy Ghost, &c.

3 To make an end of sin,
 And satan's works destroy,
 He brings his kingdom in,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy :
 The Holy Ghost, &c.

4 The cleansing blood t' apply,
 The heav'nly life display,
 And wholly sanctify,
 And seal us to that day :
 The Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Sent down to make us meet
 To see his glorious face,
 And grant to each a seat
 In that thrice-happy place,
 The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n;
 Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.

6 From heav'n he shall once more
 Triumphantly descend,
 And all his saints restore
 To joys that never end:
 Then, then, when all our joys are giv'n,
 Rejoice in God, rejoice in heav'n.

CCV.

1 **J**ESU, we hang upon the word
 Our faithful souls have heard from thee,
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
 Thy promise made to all, and me,
 Thy foll'wers who thy steps pursue,
 And dare believe that God is true.

2 Thou said'st, I will the Father pray,
 And he the Paraclete shall give,
 Shall give him in our hearts to stay,
 And never more his temple leave;
 Myself will to my orphans come,
 And make you my eternal home.

3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
 And let the promise now take place,

Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace,
Thy sorrowful disciples hear,
And send us down the Comforter.

- 4 He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft-relieves our sad complaint,
But soon we lose the transient Guest,
But soon we droop again, and faint ;
Repeat the melancholy moan,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.
- 5 Hasten him, Lord, into our heart,
Our sure inseparable Guide ;
O might we meet and never part,
O might he in our heart abide,
And keep his house of praise and pray'r,
And rest, and reign for ever there !

CCVI.

- 1 **S**ON of God, for thee we languish,
Still thy absence we bemoan.
Overwhelm'd with grief and anguish,
Poor, forsaken, and alone :
Thou art to thy heav'n departed ;
See us thence, with pity see,
(omfortless and broken-hearted,
Drooping, dead for want of thee.

- 2 Once thy blisful love we tasted,
 Chear'd by thee with living bread ;
 O how short a time it lasted,
 O how soon the joy is fled !
 Where is now our boasted Saviour,
 Where our rapture of delight !
 Thou hast, Lord, withdrawn thy favour,
 Thou art vanish'd from our sight.
- 3 Yet thou hast the cause unfolded,
 Could we but the truth receive,
 Thou in humbling love hast told it,
 Needful 'tis for us to grieve :
 Stript of that excessive pleasure,
 Fondly we the loss deplore,
 Till we find again our treasure,
 Find, and never lose thee more.
- 4 That we may thyself inherit,
 Us thou dost awhile forsake,
 That we may receive thy Spirit,
 Thou hast took his comforts back :
 After a short night of mourning
 We again shall see thy face,
 Triumph in thy full returning,
 Glory in thy perfect grace.
- For thy transient outward presence
 We thine endless love shall feel,
 Seated in our inmost essence
 Thou shalt by thy Spirit dwell :
 Jesus come ! thyself the giver
 Let us for the gift receive,
 Let us live in God forever,
 God in us forever live !

CCVII.

1 **S**PIRIT of faith, on thee we call,
 The merits of our Lord apply,
 Convince, and then convert us all,
 Condemn, and freely justify,
 Set forth the all-atoning Lamb,
 And spread the pow'rs of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus the merciful and just
 To ev'ry heart of man reveal,
 In him enable us to trust,
 Forgiveness thro' his blood to feel,
 Let all in him redemption find ;
 Sprinkle the blood^d on all mankind.

3 Is he not to his Father gone,
 That we his righteousness might share !
 And art thou not on earth sent down,
 The fruit of his prevailing pray'r,
 The witness of his grace, and seal,
 The heav'nly gift unspeakable !

4 O might we each receive the grace
 By thee to call the Saviour mine !
 Come, Holy Ghost, to all our race,
 Bring in the righteousness divine,
 Inspire the sense of sin forgiv'n,
 And give our earth a taste of heav'n.

CCVIII.

For the Fruits of the Spirit.

1 **J**ESUS, God of peace and love,
Send thy blessing from above,
Take and seal us for thine own,
Touch our hearts, and make them one,

2 By the sense of sin forgiv'n
Purge out all our former leav'n,
Malice, guile, and proud offence;
Take the stone of stumbling hence.

3 Root up ev'ry bitter root,
Multiply the Spirit's fruit,
Love, and joy, and quiet peace,
Meek, long-suff'ring gentleness.

4 Strict and gen'ral temperance,
Boundless, pure benevolence,
Cordial firm fidelity;
All the mind which was in thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

S U P P L E M E N T.

CCIX.

1 **H**OW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue cannot express
Th' sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb :
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy it receiv'd !
What a heaven in Jesus his name !

3 Jesus all th' day long
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation may see !
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and dy'd,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

4 I rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd, I,
Nor envied Elijah his feat :

My soul mounted high'r,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

CCX.

Funeral Hymns.

- 1 **M**OURN not the dead, nor wail the
man
Who dwells no more below:
Weep for yourselves, and be in pain,
To see approaching woe:
- 2 O unconverted sinners! see
The judgment hastens on:
You to the bar shall summon'd be,
With him before you gone.
- 3 To you 'twill be a day of fire,
Gloomy, and dismal too:
But shall fulfil those souls desire,
Who knew the Lamb below.
- 4 Of this blest number, God of love,
Ordain unworthy me:
And when I from the earth shall move,
I'll come, and dwell with thee.

CCXI.

1 **W**HILE others hopeless mourn their
 dead,
 And wail, and weep, and make a noise,
 Cheerful let us lift up our head,
 And in our Saviour's love rejoice :
 'Tis true, we part to see our Friend no more,
 Till we arrive on happy Canaan's shore.

2 Who can be sorry (when we prove
 What troubles here the saints pass thro')
 If Jesus sends for them above,
 Where they no more shall sorrow know ?
 We thank thee Lamb of God, with all our heart,
 That thou hast call'd thy child, and glad we
 part.

3 We know e'er long beside thy throne,
 In milky robes thy host shall stand ;
 Bless'd with a palm, a shining crown,
 Redeem'd from ev'ry distant land :
 There we shall meet our brother's soul again,
 And kings, and priests, to God forever reign.

4 We ask no higher bliss, but pray
 Quickly get in thy chosen seed :
 As ripen'd flocks of corn, convey
 Thy family to join their head :
 This do, dear Lamb, and in eternity
 We'll join the perfect church to worship thee.

CCXII.

- 1 **L** E T others weeping mourn their loss,
When friends are call'd by death,
We sing, for it behoveth us,
And all the heirs of faith.
- 2 Not without hope we stay behind,
'Tis therefore now we come
To bless our Lamb, who was so kind,
To call our brother home.
- 3 The earthly house his Spirit leaves,
And all created things :
An heav'nly house his soul receives,
Built by the King of kings.
- 4 Now is the dust return'd to dust,
The doom of ev'ry man :
Till Jesus calls, Come home, ye just,
Then will he rise again.
- 5 No more to part, we then shall meet,
Shall meet in endless bliss ;
And high receive our happy seat,
In perfect holiness.
- 6 Come quickly, Lord ! let ev'ry tomb
Deliver up its prey :
We long to see the Day-spring come,
And open endless day !

CCXIII.

- 1 **W**E sing, dear Lamb of God, to thee,
 Who daily gather'st home thine own :
 Thou call'st them from their misery,
 And glad we say, " Thy will be done."
- 2 Thou giv'st our weary brother rest,
 In Abra'm's harbour he arrives,
 He goes to be thine endless guest,
 And now the promis'd crown receives.
- 3 Hasten, we pray thee, when the day
 Of our espousals shall begin :
 We wait, and long to flee away,
 And leave behind us self, and sin.
- 4 We wait to join the souls at rest,
 The church triumphant we would see :
 Hear, O our Saviour, our request,
 And bring the year of jubilee.

CCXIV.

- 1 **A** lovely appearance of death,
 No sight upon earth is so fair,
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe
 Can with a dead body compare :
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in his stead.

- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind !
How easy the soul, that hath left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 4 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While, bound in a prison, I breathe,
And still for deliv'rance pine,
And press to the issues of death :
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

CCXV.

1 **A**H! sister in Jesus adieu,
 Thy warfare is happily o'er,
 Thy spirit hath fought its way thro',
 And pitch'd on the heavenly shore;
 Thy course upon earth is all run,
 The days of thy mourning are past,
 The joys that above thou hast won,
 For ever and ever shall last.

2 O blessed estate of the dead,
 The dead that have dy'd in the Lord,
 From trouble and misery freed,
 And sure of their endless reward;
 By sorrow no longer oppress'd,
 When join'd to the spirits above,
 With Jesus in glory they rest,
 They rest in the arms of his love.

2 O Jesus, if this be thy will
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart,
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

- 4 Thou know'st in the spirit of pray'r
I groan for a speedy release,
And long I have pin'd to be there,
Where sorrow and misery cease ;
Where all the temptation is past,
And loss and affliction is o'er,
And anguish is ended at last,
And trouble and death are no more.
-

Gloria Patri.

CCXVI.

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's praise,
Ye sons of glory and of grace,
One God in Persons Three adore,
The same in majesty and pow'r ;
Ye suffering and triumphant host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CCXVII.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host
Who praise thee evermore !
Live by earth and heav'n ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee !

CCXVIII.

CCXVIII.

1 **L**IVE our great God on high
 Eternally ador'd,
 Who gave his Son to die,
 Our dear redeeming Lord,
 He from his throne and bosom gave,
 A world, a sinful world to save.

2 Worship, and praise, and pow'r,
 Ascribe we to the Lamb,
 His bleeding wounds adore,
 And kiss his precious name,
 Jesus ! the name to sinners giv'n,
 The name that lifts us up to heav'n.

3 That blessed Spirit praise
 Who shews th' atoning blood,
 Applies the Saviour's grace,
 And seals the sons of God ;
 Spirit of grace and glory too,
 He claims eternal praise his due.

4 We with our friends above,
 When time and death shall end,
 In ecstasies of love
 An heavenly life shall spend —
 Spend in the great Jehovah's praise
 An age of everlasting days.

(247)

CCXIX.

PRaise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CCXX.

FAther, live, by all things fear'd :
Live, the Son, alike rever'd ;
Equally be thou ador'd,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

Three in Persons, one in pow'r,
Thee we worship evermore :
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Endless theme of earth and heav'n.

CCXXI.

TO God, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and mis'ry to remove,
To that blest Spir't who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endless glory, praise and love !

CCXXII.

CCXXII.

1 **F**Ather, Lord of earth and heaven,
Take the praise
Of thy grace
By thy creatures given.
Son of God, let all confess thee
One with him,
God surpreme,
Saints and angels bless thee.

2 Holy Ghost, let all before thee
Prostrate fall,
Lord of all,
Very God adore thee.
Let us soon in heav'nly places,
One and Three,
Render thee
Everlasting praises!

F I N I S.

APPEN.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

Leaning on the Beloved.

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the swelling waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide!
 'Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

A.

4. Plent

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Now, and to eternity.

II.

Panting after Jesus.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Isr'el and mine,
 Thou joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art.
 The pasture, O! when shall I find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day?
- 2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God.
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree,
 My spirit to Calvary bear
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 To rise to be hid in thy breast;

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

III.

Christ coming to judgment.

1 **L** O he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for helpless sinners slain;
Thousand, thousands saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah, :||: :||:
Christ appears on earth to reign,

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty,
'Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, :||: :||:
Shall be forc'd the Judge to see.

3 See the tokens of his passion
Still his heav'nly body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what raptures, :||: :||:
When in glory he appears.

4 Yes: Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne:
Jesus, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
Thou

Thou art worthy, :||:~::~||:
 Worthy thou to wear the crown.

IV.

Desiring to praise worthily.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune our hearts to sing thy praise;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for loudest songs of praise.
- 2 Here we raise our Ebenezer,
 Hither by thine help we come,
 Trusting, Lord, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought us all when strangers,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He to rescue us from danger,
 'Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily, Lord, are we to thee!
 Let that grace, like strongest fetters,
 Bind our wand'ring hearts to thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
 Prone to leave the God of love,
 Here's our hearts, O take and seal them,
 Seal them for thy courts above.

V.

Praise to the REDEEMER.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this Love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviours' praises speak!
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

VI.

Christ delivered for our offences, raised again
for our justification, Rom. iv. 25.

- 1 **H**E dies; the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye Saints! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!"
"Born to redeem! and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?"
"And where's thy victory, boasting
"Grave!"

VII.

VII.

For persons joined in fellowship.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve,
Increase our faith, confirm our hope
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

VIII.

An Act of Faith.

Habakkuk iii. 17. &c.

1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Fear shall in me no more take place !
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let Him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No—in the strength of Jesus, no—
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring Fig-tree droop and die,
 The field elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren altho' my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin and only sin is here ;
 Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me :

- 4 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord and God I claim,
 Jesus my strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name :
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

IX.

PSALM cxlviii.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choir,
 That fill the realms above :
 Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
 And feeds you with his love :
 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
 The floor of his abode,
 Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
 Before your brighter God.
- 2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays :
 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
 Thro' the etherial blue ;
 For when his chariot is a cloud,
 He makes his wheels of you.

3. Thunder and Hail, and Fire and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And speak his awful Hand :
Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas;
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 4 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow ;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough :
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound :
Echo the glories of your King,
Thro' all the nations round.

X.

CHRIST'S Commission.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their abyss of woes.

- 3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
No terror cloaths his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease :
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offer'd Peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey the call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

XI.

Te Deum, or Song of Praise.

DIALOGUE.

- 1 **W**E sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Who sav'd us by thy grace ;
“ We praise thee, Son of man, whose blood
“ Redeem'd our fallen race.”

2 We

- 2 We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
Father ere time began ;
“ Thou art by heav’n and earth ador’d,
“ Worthy o’er both to reign.”
- 3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Thro’ heav’n’s extended coasts ;
“ Hail, holy, holy, holy God
“ Of all immortal hosts !”
- 4 The cherubim and seraphim
Are always praising thee ;
“ The worlds and all the pow’rs therein
“ Adore thy majesty.”
- 5 The prophets goodly fellowship,
In milky garments drest,
“ Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
“ The fulness of thy rest.”
- 6 Th’ apostles’ glorious company
Thy righreous praise poclaim ;
“ The martyr’d army glorify
“ Thy everlasting name.”
- 7 Thro’ all the world thy churches join
T’ acknowledge thee the head ;
“ Father of majesty divine,
“ Who ev’ry power hast made.”
- 8 Also thy true and only Son,
Thy Family confess ;
“ King of thy saints, to us made known,
“ The Lord our righteousness.”

- 9 Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
The Spirit of the Lord :
“ The Comforter, whose kindling ray
“ Our dying souls restor'd.”

XII.

CHRIST'S Second Coming.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe ;
The seventh trumpet speaks him
near !
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heav'n, angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face,
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the
Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail
him, their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, and for ever
reigns.

5 The Father bless, the Son adore,
The Spirit praise for evermore ;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, Great Three in One.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome Thee, Great Three in One.

XIII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of Jesus.

1 **I**S there a thing that moves and breaks,
A heart as hard as stone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice ?
'Tis Jesu's Blood alone :
One drop of this can truly cheer,
And heal the wounded soul ;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole !

2 Hark ! O my soul ! what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne !
Hark, the *slain Lamb* for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone :

The

The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

3 And thus while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our degree,
That thro' the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Sinners may pardon'd be ;
But thou, O Lord ! make ev'ry day,
Thy grace to us more sweet,
'Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet.

XIV.

A Sinner's Prayer.

GOD of my falvation, hear,
And help me to believe :
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy blessings to receive :
Full of guilt, alas, I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh :

Now

Now, as yesterday the same,
 Thou art and will for ever be,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure,
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor,
 Dust and Ashes is my name,
 My All is sin and misery :
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

4 Without money, without price,
 I come thy love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my eyes,
 The chief of sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

XV.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, join'd with pow'r.
 He is able, he is able, he is able :
 He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh.
Without money, without money, without
money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger :
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of Him :
This he gives you, this he gives you, this
he gives you :
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangl'd by the fall ;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not
the righteous ;
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden :
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies.
On the bloody tree behold him :
Hear him cry, before he dies ;
It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd ;
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

- 6 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly :
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb :
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

XVI.

Doubts scattered.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts
be gone,
And leave me to my joys ;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darknefs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh !

- 3 Oh ! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine !
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain ;
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

XVII.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our Salvation.

- 1 **H**OW empty was our former boast,
Our foolishness of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works rely'd !
- 2 Strong in the freedom of our will,
Firm in our nature's pow'rs,
We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.
- 3 Our good desires, our hearts sincere,
Our best endeavours stood,
T' atone for our transgression here,
In place of Jesu's blood.
- 4 Alas for us ! we knew not then
His blood and righteousness,
Thro' which alone the sons of men
Are sav'd by richest grace.

- 5 But now, O gracious God, thy love
Hath taught us better things;
Our all is giv'n us from above,
From thee salvation springs.
- 6 Freely thy love delights to save,
And ransoms without price,
But only that which Jesus gave,
Our bleeding sacrifice.
- 7 We own the sole procuring cause,
That precious blood divine;
And since our Jesus dy'd for us,
May we live ever thine!

XVIII.

A whole Heart for Christ.

- 1 **L**ORD make me faithful to my call,
In heart still truly give up all,
Myself to thee resign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline.
- 2 My feet with holy oil anoint,
The destin'd path, thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then shall tread;
Bedew me with a genial show'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
With living manna fed.

- 3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus, to thy Child impart,
In ev'ry trying hour :
Reas'nings tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till fight my faith o'erpow'r.

XIX.

I am the God of Abraham.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love ;
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
By earth and heav'n confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power ;
And him my only portion make
My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace

Shall

Shall guide me all my happy days
 In all his ways ;
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings up borne
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

XX.

Faith triumphant.

- 1 **I**'M a sinner weak and wretched,
 Poor, polluted, sore oppress'd,
 Mourning, Lord, for thy long absence,
 Come and consecrate my breast ;
 Come, Lord Jesus, &c.
 Come, in me delight to rest.
- 2 Lord, I long to see thy glory,
 To behold thee face to face,
 Long to join with all thy ransom'd,
 There to sing redeeming grace.
 Thou art worthy, &c.
 Worthy thou to have the praise.

3 I shall

3 I shall mingle with those spirits,
Tho' distressed now by sin;
God will cleanse his favour'd Jacob,
He will wash and make them clean;
He will cleanse us, &c.

We with Christ shall be shut in.

4 Come, Lord Jesus, do not tarry,
Quickly come and take me home,
Then I'll sing loud hallelujahs
To the holy Three in One.
Hallelujah, &c.

Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

XXI.

Gloria Patri.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

XXII.

Dismission.

DISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word:
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho'

- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

XXIII.

The same.

- 1 **S**alvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears!

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

C H O R U S.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever.
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Lord.

F I N I S.

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